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New Republic

OCTOBER 18, 1948

THE NEGRO IN POLITICS

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THE LYNCH MOB AND THE PREACHER

★

MARSHALL'S BLUNDER

By I. F. STONE

15¢

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

NOBODY really knows where Governor Dewey stands. There is a vague feeling around here that he is more liberal than the Tabers, Knutsons, Hartleys and Tafts of his party. If this is so, and we believe it, then the hope of "national unity" which he preaches will be doomed as soon as the conservative 81st Congress takes the bit in its teeth.

But Dewey has not spelled out his views on how to avert deflation, on the housing shortage, on the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, taxes, federal aid for education, health insurance, control of tidelands oil, development of valley resources, the tax on oleomargarine, and federal power-transmission lines. We know that Dewey almost certainly will not veto reactionary bills curbing federal control agencies, like the Trade Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Atomic Energy Commission and the like. President Truman could and did veto such bills.

On affirmative matters, not since Harding will a President have taken office whose ideas were so little known. It is perhaps unfair to link Dewey with Harding, but in one respect they are alike: a lot of people whose views are sharply opposed now think Dewey is on their side; after the election some of them are bound to be unhappy.

Control of the next Senate is largely a matter of prestige. Maybe we are wrong, but we think its importance is being overplayed. It is true that the Democrats might well capture three or four seats, and hence get control. This would mean that the chairman of every committee would be a Democrat, and there would be a Democratic majority on each committee. Thus, the Democrats could block Dewey nominations; and a lot of postmasters and federal attorneys would keep their present patronage jobs.

But to oppose Dewey with any effectiveness, Democratic discipline would have to be achieved. And where is it? The Dixiecrats will hold the balance of power in the Senate no matter who organizes it. On foreign affairs, they are internationalists. Actually a Democratic majority would probably aid Dewey's own foreign policy. If the half-dozen GOP isolationists for whom he is campaigning are elected, they will cut his throat on aid to the European Recovery Program.

And on domestic affairs the Dixiecrats are as conservative as Taft. If Dewey tries to bring his party out from the Neanderthaler caves to a position of reasonably enlightened conservatism, he must depend on a legislative coalition, just as other Presidents before him have done. Except for reasons of prestige, we can't see that the Senate fight warrants the enormous importance which the Republicans attach to it.

It is a brave man who tries to interpret the State Department view on Russia just now. We can say with knowledge, on new evidence, that high officials are still fully convinced that Russia doesn't want to fight. They are as firmly persuaded of that as ever. Neither does the United States want to fight, they say. But the gloom is deepening.

Ambassador Bedell Smith, John Foster Dulles and Assistant Secretary of State Saltzman have all been saying that conditions could hardly be more critical. Russia, they charge, is trying to achieve her goals by methods just short of war—methods that are just short of being intolerable. It is even suggested that an incident might occur in the Berlin corridor involving actual clashes of military force that would not be called "war" and that might not precipitate full-scale operations. But where is the real dividing line between

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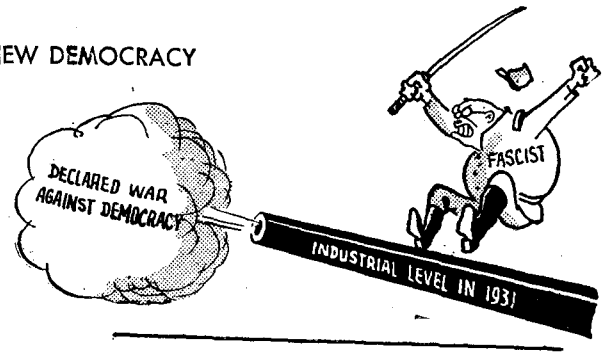
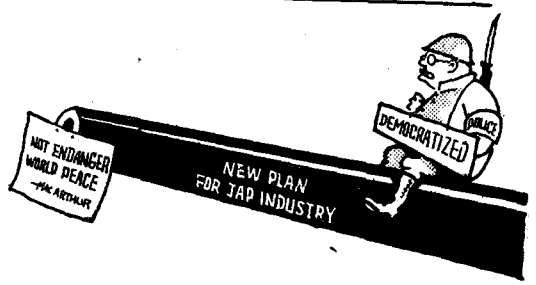
THREE DRAWINGS FROM CHINA

by Fong Sing

1. GUILTLESS

2. NEW DEMOCRACY





3. STILL GOD HIROHITO

peace and war? The future grows increasingly dark.

In all this Truman faces the strongest kind of temptation to try to pull some kind of rabbit out of the hat that would aid his desperate election chances. On the Republican side, there is an equally strong temptation to denounce any international move Truman now makes as politically motivated. This murky political atmosphere envelops a dangerous world situation which demands decisions from Truman, election or no election.

It is widely believed that Dulles did not approve carrying the Berlin issue to the United Nations Security Council in the first place. For all anybody knows, he may not object to the purpose behind the spectacular idea of sending Chief Justice Vinson to see Stalin at Moscow, which Republicans are now denouncing. At any rate, the gap between American and Russian terms for temporarily lifting the Berlin blockade is now, theoretically at least, so narrow as hardly to be visible to the naked eye. If the Russians are speaking in good faith, they are willing to lift the blockade if the West will reëxamine the whole German question in the Council of Foreign Ministers. And Dr. Philip K. Jessup, US spokesman, says that the Americans are willing.

Notes. Meat prices, which bounded up to embarrass Truman in the OPA price-control fight before the 1946 election, are now coming down mysteriously to embarrass him as he assails high prices before this election; whatever the cause, the reduction isn't permanent, agricultural experts say. . . . Truman is likely to take up the Palestine issue before the election ends. . . . A puzzling thing for political forecasters is the spotty nature of registration, 'way down in New York City; well ahead of 1944 in some other industrial areas; 'way up in Ohio and California. . . . There are increasing local signs of union political activity. . . . Truman will bring his attack more directly to bear on Dewey from now on.

Washington T. R. B.

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DEMOCRACY IN THE SOUTH

An Editorial

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY ramparts in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and South Carolina have fallen to the Dixiecrat rebellion. Backed by Northern corporations (as the *New Republic* will demonstrate in an early issue), the Dixiecrats are preparing to advance into five more states of the old Confederacy.

They have no intention of starting a new party. They have captured the Democratic Party in four states. They intend to capture it in the United States. They have ample funds, ambitious leaders and considerable support. They look forward to Truman's defeat on November 2. They hope that after November the Democratic Party will be represented overwhelmingly by Southerners to whom the doctrine of state's rights is dear. They believe that, denied patronage, the Democratic Party outside the South will wither and that by 1952 the South, under the Dixiecrat leadership, will regain control of the Democratic convention by recall of the two-thirds rule.

At worst, if he is allowed to continue, Governor Thurmond hopes to dictate the Democratic platform of 1952 and be named the vice-presidential candidate. At best, the Dixiecrats hope, by manipulating the Electoral College, to wield a veto over the national elections.

This is no new rebellion. For generations, Dixiecrats have conspired with Republicans to frustrate the liberal program which Americans elected the Democratic Party to carry out. Faced with this old rebellion, Roosevelt intervened in 1938 to pin the party labels where they belonged. "It is my duty, as head of the Democratic Party," he declared, "to see to it that my party remains the truly liberal party in the political life of America." That is also the duty of Harry Truman—a duty of lasting significance, above and beyond the elections of 1948. Compromise in 1948 means surrender in 1949. If for the sake of sham unity Truman compromises, he will leave the Democratic Party a sham force for liberalism and soon, no force at all.

So far the Democratic National Committee has called upon its rebellious members to resign. Naturally they have refused. The Mississippi loyal Democrats have held a state convention and elected new officials. They are asking the Democratic National Committee for recognition.

Action is urgently required if the Democratic Party is to be saved. It begins with Chairman McGrath. He should start by calling a special meeting of the committee. He should open it by reading the committee's eleventh rule: that it is "empowered to expel members for . . . actively opposing the election of the presidential nominee." He should then call the loyalty roll and expel all Dixiecrats, beginning with W. H. Talbot of Louisiana, J. B. Snyder of Mississippi, and Marion Rushton of Alabama.

Next, the President should declare that he and Senator Barkley will use their influence to bar from the Democratic caucus in the next Congress all members of the 81st Congress who opposed the Truman-Barkley ticket. This action, which will deprive the Dixiecrats of the power and patronage of standing-committee positions, can best be taken now when, as a candidate, the President is at the height of his authority.

Third, the President and Chairman McGrath should recognize the loyal Democrats of Mississippi and South Carolina as the only Democratic leaders in those states. In Louisiana and Alabama, where state officials are elected and no present action is possible, and in all Southern states, the time has come to start an intensive educational campaign to prepare the voters for 1950. As Republicans, or as a fourth party, the Dixiecrats should be compelled to campaign from the outer darkness of the two-party system which for generations they have barred from the South.

This is no idle plea. The present weakness of the Democratic Party is due very largely to its failure to crush the Dixiecrat revolt in its earlier stages. The best way for the President to assure the voters that his strong speeches for liberalism are more than phrases is to take strong action to keep his party liberal. The time to stop rebellions is before they roll.

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THE WEEK

YEAR OF APATHY

The Republicans were quick, perhaps a bit too quick, to read the slump in New York City voter registrations as the final omen of victory in November. Before sitting back with satisfied smiles they should have studied the Ohio registration figures too.

In Ohio both the CIO and the AFL have staged an unprecedented "Get Registered" campaign, distributing thousands of handbills, buying radio time and ringing doorbells. The final registration figures barely equal those of 1946, despite subsequent population gains, and are disappointing on the surface.

But a breakdown of the figures tells a different story. A few weeks ago labor leaders assigned registration quotas to cities and redoubled their efforts, concentrating on ringing not just any doorbell, but "the right doorbell," *i.e.,* one likely to produce a Democratic vote.

A sampling of various Ohio cities shows that the CIO-AFL campaign was not a failure. In Cincinnati registrations increased from the previous high of 333,000 to 368,000, with most of the gains in labor wards. In Toledo the goal for labor was 154,000 registrations. The final total was 170,000. In numerous other industrial centers the story was much the same, while registrations in the conservative, normally Republican small towns and villages seem to have fallen off.

New York labor leaders complain that the absence of a red-hot state or city campaign hampered their get-out-the-vote drive. That is only partially true. The small registration was the result of several factors.

This year Jewish voters have a special issue, Palestine. Their disillusion with President Truman is complete. The alternatives—Dewey and Wallace—are in large part unattractive to them, so many thousands of Jewish voters are going to sit this one out. The Progressive Party, instead of bringing out a record registration as it had forecast, has had exactly the opposite effect. Its propaganda is more effective in New York than anywhere else in the country and by harping on the theme of the similarity of the two major parties it has indoctrinated a good many people with this belief. Many of them, however, are unwilling to join a Communist-endorsed party, and therefore they too will sit it out.

Three months ago the Gallup and Roper Polls led election analysts to forecast a record-breaking 58.9 million vote this year—compared with 48 million in 1944—but now they are busily revising their estimates in light of the New York registration figures.

THE VINSON MISSION

Last week's NR proposed that America state the terms on which the West will negotiate a general settlement for Germany with the USSR. The same problem was evidently gripping the mind of President Truman. Once again, Truman, long on good intentions and short on generalship, reduced the problem from principle to personality and from Western coöperation to unilateral action. He proposed sending Chief Justice Vinson to Moscow in an effort to "make the Soviet leaders understand" the temper of American public opinion.

Truman's proposal did not, as is charged, completely undermine the Western position of refusing to negotiate while the Berlin blockade is in force. The Western powers in fact were negotiating for weeks in Moscow while the blockade continued. The dangers of unilateral action can also be overemphasized. The French would oppose any general settlement for Germany now, and the neutral powers have tried hard to shift present disputes back to direct negotiation. Since the West is appealing to the bar of the UN, Truman's move was clearly mistaken. Far more important, the need for a declaration of the terms of a settlement remains.

VIPER IN THE BOSOM

DETROIT (NR correspondent)

Michigan Republicans are delighting the Democrats by washing some of their own dirty linen in the middle of the campaign. Four auto-dealer firms and five company officers have been indicted by a federal grand jury for alleged violations of the Corrupt Practices Act.

The two persons primarily responsible for such an unusual campaign-time performance are State's Attorney General Eugene F. Black and the party's deposed National Committeewoman, Mrs. Dudley C. Hay.

Black started telling what he knew of GOP secrets not long after Governor Kim Sigler took office. A protégé of Sigler's in the beginning, he has sadly embarrassed the Governor and caused the Republican State Central Committee to call him a "menace to good government." But Black continued to go on talking about $250,000 in campaign contributions given by Michigan auto dealers in return for "consideration in tax matters."

In both Detroit and the populous, GM-owned city of Flint, grand juries started looking into the matter of sales-tax violation on "new used cars." At Flint, Circuit Judge Philip Elliott quickly disqualified himself on the plea that the investigation might involve some of his own friends. He turned the pile of 83 marked exhibits and other records over to Black, and Black then tossed them to Thomas P. Thornton, US District Attorney in Detroit.

Central figure in the affair is Arthur J. Summerfield, who originated the Summerfield System for collecting political contributions. Somewhat in the manner of Community Chest drives,

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the plan called for only one solicitation to be made and presumably would free harassed businessmen from having to kick in often to various grades of politicians. Summerfield himself is both Republican National Committeeman and Flint's largest auto dealer.

When the plan was effected in 1943, the planners said they would be "careful not to accept any checks from corporations." Summerfield's staff declared that "many were received, but they were returned immediately."

This must have been hard to do. At the time Republican county chairmen in five of the richest counties were in the oil business. One of the businessmen named in last week's indictments was Otto P. Graff, Flint Ford dealer and former treasurer of the Genesee County Republican Committee.

The four firms involved are charged with issuing $500 checks, in some cases payable to the Republican National Committee. It is charged that though the checks were returned uncashed, the officers named sent the GOP personal checks and then were reimbursed from their firms' funds.

Up in Bay City, Mrs. Hay, who was deposed from her party post at Philadelphia, has testified before another federal grand jury and Federal Judge Frank A. Picard says there will be more indictments there.

The maverick attorney general who is keeping all these matters in the public eye has been bypassed, it hardly needs be said, in making up this year's Republican ticket.

GOP LOSES A GAMBLE

Republicans had hoped to use commodity speculation as campaign ammunition against the Truman Administration. But last week's report of the special House committee to investigate commodity transactions in relation to high food costs gave no proof that speculators cleaned up in the market as a result of government tip-offs. So the Republican members have shifted the blame to government grain-buying under ERP.

The three Democrats on the committee, John McCormack (Mass.), Albert Rains (Ala.) and John A. Carroll (Colo.), issued a minority report, pointing out important reasons for high food costs carefully overloooked by the majority members:

1. Removal of price controls in 1946 opened the way for inflation in grain and other commodity prices. Under price control, nearly 400 million bushels of grain were exported, yet the carry-over at the end of 1946 was only 100 million. After controls were removed, prices moved up, although the grain-export program was very little larger.

2. The short corn crop of 1947—850 million bushels smaller than 1946—was a basic cause of high feed prices.

3. The US price of wheat, too high according to the majority report, was generally low according to world standards. The world grain supply-demand situation, the minority members pointed out, was chiefly responsible for the level of wheat prices in this country, and it was because of export controls and government, rather than commercial, handling of the program that prices in this country were low.

The Democratic members accused the majority of being "unethical and unsound" in using quotations from private commercial publications as if they were official.

The Fighting Editor

BALTIMORE (NR correspondent)

"IN THIS ARTICLE, as always," read a box in the Baltimore *Sun* last week, "Mr. Mencken expresses his own views, not necessarily those of the *Sun*."

Mr. Mencken's view was that the sooner the US makes war on the "Russian barbarians" the better.

"The only question remaining is whether we should go on enduring them for a while longer, or tackle them at once and have done with it," he wrote. "My own impression is that tackling them at once will be easiest in the long run. . . . We'll be able, at worst, to do enormously more damage than we'll have to suffer, and in the end, if we are lucky, there will be something resembling a civilized peace in Christendom."

Mr. Mencken is 68.

GENE HOLDS THE POWER

The Talmadge forces in Georgia have concocted an elaborate plot to take Georgia's 12 electoral votes away from Truman.

The State Democratic Executive Committee had been expected to designate an "uninstructed" slate which Talmadge could later instruct as he saw fit. Democratic State Chairman Jim Peters, a leading Talmadgeite, privately promised Dixiecrat leaders that the Georgia electors would vote for Thurmond and Wright. But the public objected to the exclusion of the Truman-Barkley ticket from the Georgia ballot. The Atlanta *Constitution* took up the cry.

Governor M. E. Thompson, just defeated by Talmadge, righteously summoned a special session of the legislature. Talmadge's Speaker of the House, Roy Harris, decided it was best to heed the voice of the people this once. The legislature, under Talmadge's direction, unanimously approved a "free election" bill, presumably making it possible for Truman, Thurmond and Wallace slates all to get on the November 2 ballot. A little amendment was tacked on, however, providing that no elector was *pledged* to vote for the people's choice; instead he could vote his own conviction.

The State's Rights Democrats have now called a convention of their own to organize as a separate party and file a set of Thurmond-Wright electors. To allay public criticism, the Talmadge group named as Truman-Barkley electors persons who really are for Truman and Barkley; but they gave this slate not a single one of their vote-getting names. There is no doubt that the full force of the Talmadge organization all over the state will be thrown behind the Dixiecrat ticket.

If the Dixiecrats can't carry Geogia on their own, Harris is counting on no ticket's receiving a majority of the total vote. In that event, Georgia law provides that the legislature shall determine the winner. This would mean that Talmadge could direct his legislature to cast Georgia's 12 votes for Thurmond and Wright.

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HUMPHREY IN MINNESOTA

This is the fourth in a special series on critical battles of the 1948 election. If New Republic readers wish to help Hubert Humphrey's campaign, contributions may be sent to George Totten, Treasurer, Humphrey-for-Senator Volunteer Committee, Times Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

—THE EDITORS

MINNEAPOLIS (NR correspondent)

LIKE MANY embattled liberals this year, Hubert Horatio Humphrey Jr. has had to wage political war on two fronts. On one front, the Minneapolis mayor and candidate for Senator has had to fend off a noisy, scattergun assault from the dwindling left wing of his own Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party. On the other, he has carried on an unbelievably energetic statewide campaign against Republican Senator Joseph H. Ball. In addition, of course, he has had to keep up with the arduous task of directing the affairs of America's sixteenth-largest city.

Even some who oppose Humphrey for Senator privately admit that he has done such a thorough job on all fronts that the Minneapolis city government operates more effectively and honestly than it has for decades. Most of his D-F-L opposition has melted away or joined Wallace's Progressive Party, and Humphrey has Joe Ball on the ropes. The 37-year-old man who accomplished all this was teaching political science at St. Paul's small, respectable Macalester College only four years ago.

Humphrey's achievement as mayor alone would make him a national figure. In a city whose charter gives the mayor little actual power, he regularly has done the impossible for more than three years.

Though Minneapolis once was called the "capital of anti-Semitism" by Carey McWilliams, Humphrey piloted an FEPC ordinance through the council and appointed the first municipal fair-employment-practices commission in the nation. Negro girls now get jobs as department-store salesclerks and telephone-switchboard operators; colored men work as streetcar conductors; a school has been created to instruct policemen on interracial matters.

In a city once branded by the Justice Department as a center of racketeering, Humphrey created a law-enforcement committee; revamped the police department under an FBI-trained chief, and closed up gambling, vice and illegal liquor establishments. Today, the FBI verdict is: "There is no organized vice in Minneapolis."

Humphrey's skill as an arbiter has helped settle a dozen labor disputes when other means of arbitration failed.

He helped form a non-profit corporation that built a trailer emergency-housing project for 500 persons; got through one bond issue to provide 700 additional housing units, and finally put over another $2 million bond issue for more housing. He launched a "Shelter a Vet" campaign that found rooms for 2,300 veterans.

A book could be written on how the Humphrey forces gained control of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party; cleansed it of the Communist stigma, and restored it as a power to be reckoned with on election day. Two years ago the left-wing forces under Governor Elmer Benson were still in control. In August of 1948, the Minnesota poll showed that Benson would get three percent of the total vote if he ran for Senator against Humphrey and Ball. In September, in the D-F-L primary, Humphrey polled 204,175 votes to 25,051 for James M. Shields, the left-wing candidate.

Shields was only a stalking-horse. The left wing planned, after the primary, to nominate Benson by petition as the Progressive candidate for Senator. But when Benson studied Humphrey's eight-to-one victory over Shields, he decided his health would not permit him to make the race. So the Wallaceites are not nominating a candidate for Senator although they emphasize they are not backing Humphrey.

Humphrey then turned to the big job of beating Joe Ball. The D-F-L organization was still only a skeleton compared to the well-fed Republican machine. There was little money available. Humphrey has stumped the state, from the Mesabi Iron Range to the Iowa border, in the most strenuous campaign in Minnesota political history.

Late in September the Minnesota poll showed Humphrey far in front, with 52 percent of the vote to 40 for Ball, and eight percent of the voters still undecided. But Humphrey is not taking the poll too seriously. He knows the Republicans will do all they can to save Ball because they realize that control of the Senate might hinge on the Minnesota outcome. Republican big guns—Dewey, Warren, Vandenberg, Lodge and even Stassen—all are coming to Minnesota to speak for Ball.

A large vote probably will mean that Humphrey will win. If he does, liberals should not be worried by reports that he is just a shallow political opportunist. It is true that he is glib. He talks too much, and in campaign speeches lets the corn grow high. He also is ambitious and wants to win.

But Humphrey is not shallow. He has a well-knit liberal philosophy and an enormous affection for people. He has a powerful urge to right wrongs and plenty of streamlined ideas on how to do it.

If he goes to Washington, Humphrey will take his stand with Senate liberals and go down the line with them on every issue.

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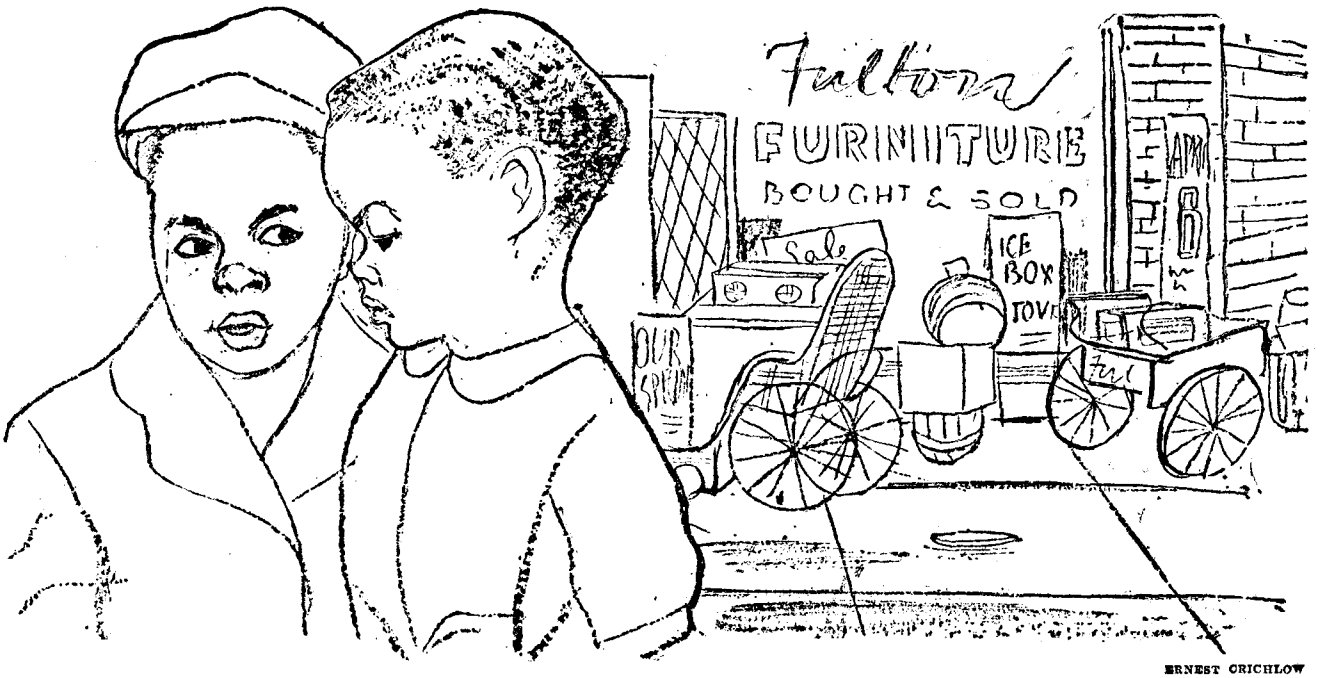

ERNEST CRICHLOW

THE NEGRO IN POLITICS

by Henry Lee Moon

FOR THE FIRST TIME in his history, the Negro American has significant voting strength in various sections of the country. Except during Reconstruction, he had been a political factor only in certain industrial states of the East and Midwest. Since the invalidation of the white primary by the Supreme Court decision of April 3, 1944, he has reëmerged as a contender for political recognition in the South. Meanwhile, wartime migration has increased his political influence on the West Coast.

Outside of the South, the potential Negro vote, augmented by job-seeking migrants from below the Mason-Dixon line, now approximates three million. The full strength of this potential will not be realized, of course, because of failure to register and vote. In this respect, the Negro resembles other Americans who forgo this privilege of democratic citizenship.

Since the banning of the white primary in 1944, the Southern Negro vote has expanded swiftly. While the Negro's enemies in the South have resorted to legal trickery, intimidation and murder to repress the new Negro vote, other Southerners have extended a cautious helping hand. The drive to increase the Negro vote in the South has been largely self-generated, inspired and directed by indigenous Negro leadership, however. Despite the stubborn resistance of Dixiecrats, this new vote may this year approach a million.

A total Negro vote of nearly four million is attainable this year. With a potential of more than 90 million of all voters and an optimum goal of 60 million, the Negro total may seem absurdly insignificant. Yet it exceeds the margin of popular votes by which Franklin D. Roosevelt retained the presidency in 1944. The importance of this vote derives not so much from its numbers as from its strategic diffusion among normally marginal or balance-of-power states. Of added significance is what it may mean in counterbalancing the revolt of the Dixiecrats. Moreover, it is a vital factor in at least 75 non-Southern congressional districts.

In 1944, a shift of less than five percent of the popular vote would have reversed the electoral vote cast by 27 states. In twelve of these states, with a total of 228 votes, the number of Negro citizens of voting age exceeded the number of votes needed to shift these states into the other column. Ohio, with 25 electoral votes, and Indiana, with 13, went Republican. The remaining states—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and Kentucky—gave to Roosevelt 190 sorely needed votes.

The issue of discrimination takes precedence over all others. Of course, the Negro is concerned with social welfare, anti-inflation, labor and housing legislation. Even here the sinister issue of race intrudes. The Negro's quest of living space is restricted by the walls of the ghetto. His attitude toward conscription is largely conditioned by the racial aspects of the military training program. Except among a few left-wing intellectuals, the European Recovery Program is an issue of minor importance. Very few Negro supporters of the Progressive Party are attracted by that party's position on the Marshall Plan.

Race is a continuing issue in American politics. The most obstinate dis-

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Henry Lee Moon is the author of Balance of Power—The Negro Vote, *and former assistant to the director of the CIO-PAC.*

The drawings in this section are by Jacob Lawrence and Ernest Crichlow.

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criminations the Negro faces have been imposed by political action, and others have been allowed to develop through political negation. As long as race remains an issue, either openly, as in the South, or covertly, as occasionally in other sections, there will be a tendency toward group voting among the Negro masses. This trend may be modified when there appears to be little choice among possible candidates. The contenders for office may be equally indifferent or hostile to the Negro's interests, or they may all avow support of the Negro's demand for equality of citizenship. The elimination of race as a political issue through the attainment of equal rights for all citizens regardless of race, creed or color is a primary objective of the Negro voter.

In the 1948 presidential race, only one candidate is an avowed foe of equal rights for Negro citizens. He will not get, and probably does not want, any considerable vote from Negro citizens. The others have, in one way or another, indicated their conviction that Negroes are entitled to a fuller share of the rights and privileges of American citizenship. Whether or not the candidate's gestures have been motivated by political considerations is of little moment. What is important is his record of performance and the prospect for implementing his promises.

Negro citizens who in 1936, 1940 and 1944 voted for Roosevelt are today in an unprecedented quandary. In the pre-Rooseveltian days, any one of three current presidential candidates would have been tumultuously hailed as a champion of Negro rights. Not so today. While preferences have been expressed, there appears to be none of the enthusiastic mass support which FDR's candidacy evoked.

By entering Negro candidates in contests they cannot possibly win at this time, the Progressive Party is trying desperately to arouse enthusiasm for Henry A. Wallace, who lately has emerged as a militant and uncompromising foe of segregation. In the face of bitter opposition within his own party and at great risk to his political future, President Truman has advocated a civil-rights program which, if realized, would meet the immediate and basic demands of the Negro citizenry. Governor Thomas E. Dewey has a creditable record of appointments of Negroes to responsible positions and, after resort to Fabian tactics, pushed through the New York State Legislature needed measures for fair employment and fair educational opportunities. And then, of course, there is Norman Thomas, who for more than a quarter of a century has been preaching the Socialist doctrine of human equality.

The Negro citizen is confronted with the problems of weighing the merits of the candidates on the vital issue of civil rights, of determining which could most effectively implement such a program, and of evaluating the political parties and the forces they represent. This is no simple problem. The dilemma is brought out by articles, published elsewhere in this issue of the *New Republic,* about three typical Negro leaders, George Cannon, A. T. Walden and Archibald J. Carey, all of them active in the present campaign. Dr. Cannon, a progressive, seems honestly confused. Walden, a Southern Democrat, is cynically practical. And the Reverend Mr. Carey is a Republican only by inheritance. All three reflect the problem of the group-conscious Negro voter in 1948.

CAREY THE REPUBLICAN

by Horace Cayton

ARCHIBALD J. CAREY JR. is a political anomaly. He is a Republican—but sometimes the Republicans don't think so. He formed an early friendship with Dwight Green, then Cook County prosecutor, now Governor of Illinois. Though he opposes many of Green's principles, he is still personally loyal to the Governor. He is one of the most vigorous fighters for public housing, not only for Negroes but for all people, and is extremely liberal on many other counts. He opposed the party on the Taft-Hartley bill. The reason that he has been able to do this and still be supported by the reactionary Green machine is that

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he is articulating the hopes and ambitions of the more than 400,000 Negroes who live in Chicago.

Carey is a dynamic personality. He weighs about two hundred pounds, is very light in complexion, and has fiery red hair. He is a tireless public speaker. One night he addressed nine different meetings. The year before his election to the City Council in 1947, he made thirty-three out-of-town talks. Once he spoke in Portland, Oregon, two days later in Los Angeles, and the following week in Richmond, Virginia. He is also a practising lawyer and a minister. One Sunday he delivered the baccalaureate address at Tuskegee Institute and spoke in his own church in Chicago a few hours later. On the plane coming back, he prepared a brief for a case to be tried on the following Monday.

Carey thinks fast and speaks fast. As a speaker he is forceful and effective. He is not a profound thinker but

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he knows the man on the street, his problems, his deprivations and his anxieties. He is dead serious about being useful to people, but he knows that his value to the party lies in the fact that he takes up the issues of the masses of Negroes and deprived whites, and this gives him an immunity from the control of the Green machine.

Carey resembles A. Clayton Powell of New York and Clayton D. Russell of Los Angeles. All three are excellent speakers. All three are using their churches for political action of one type or another. All three are speaking the sentiments, as they understand them, of the man in the street. All three are extremely ambitious. It is common talk in Chicago that Carey will go to Congress next term. If he does, he will be following the same pattern as Powell, pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in New York. Russell of Los Angeles also has political aspirations. This represents a secularization of the church, which is perhaps the most stable mass organization in the Negro communities.

Carey believes firmly in and is committed to what we call social progress, but he is also politically ambitious. He has said that one reason he got into politics was that after the death of his father, Bishop Carey, he went to see Oscar DePriest, former Representative from Illinois, and was given the brush-off. Then he made up his mind that DePriest would have to send for him before he would ever go back.

What are the aspirations and hopes of the man in the street that Carey voices? When the Southern Negro came to Chicago during the Great Migration he was not welcomed by white Chicagoans either as a neighbor or a fellow worker. Only one group recognized him—the politicians. Soon the Negro was integrated into the political machine, and by his numbers wielded considerable influence. But the silk-stocking politicos did not speak a language that the Negro understood. The down-to-earth boys among the politicians, and the Negro preachers, did, however, so it's not surprising that before long an alliance was made between the church leaders and the machine.

The "purists" in both white and Negro communities felt that this was a very bad thing. The "realists" knew that the church was helping the Negro to make himself heard politically. As the Negro population streamed into Chicago during the First World War they looked to these two types of leaders for guidance. They trusted their preachers, and the white politicians seemed to offer them a limited satisfaction of their desire for status and security.

The Negro was playing for high stakes. Though he was frustrated and had failed in many other endeavors, he felt that at least he could get some political recognition. This bewildered group of migrants looked to political leaders for assistance in obtaining some justice in the courts, some police protection (and, incidentally, protection from the police), a chance to get jobs, and "favors." The Negro learned fast and soon played a hard, shrewd, political game. He improvised and improved upon the techniques for getting out the vote, for organizing and controlling a political machine, and for trading and bargaining with a candidate. Negro preachers accustomed to church politics soon became natural leaders.

With the church's ascension to power, a mass support for Negro rights, rather than privileges, began to develop. The Negro population increased from 44,103 to 109,458 in the decade between 1910 and 1920. Two Negro aldermen were elected to the City Council, two representatives and a senator to the state legislature, and finally Oscar DePriest to Congress. Negroes were even run on city-wide tickets—a form of recognition previously denied for fear that a Ne-

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gro could be elected to office only from a solidly Negro community. The culmination of the Negro's advance in politics was the election of Albert B. George as a municipal court judge in 1924. In 1927 Bishop Archibald J. Carey Sr. was appointed Civil Service Commissioner, the first time a Negro was given the status of member of Mayor Thompson's "cabinet."

Archibald Carey Jr. has remained a Republican in spite of the fact that many of his ideals are in sharp distinction to those of the leaders of the GOP. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, his family has grown up in the tradition of the party. His grandfather was a Republican member of the state legislature in Georgia, and President Garfield appointed him postmaster in Athens, Georgia. His father was secretary of a Republican Club of Atlanta at ten years of age because he was the only one in the club who could read and write. At that time the GOP was the party of progress, at least for the Negro.

Perhaps another reason why Carey remains in the Republican Party is that it is easier to get along faster where he has connections. He is frank to admit that Republicans no longer represent the liberal tradition; he is courageous enough to buck them on many issues and they cannot discipline him because he is winning over many Negroes to the Republican ticket.

Negroes are angry at the injustices and humiliations which have been heaped upon them. When Carey says, "We want housing, sure, but not segregated housing; we'd rather stay in the ghetto until we can come out first-class citizens," he is saying what Negroes want to hear.

During the depression the Negro community began to shift its allegiance to the popular figure of President Roosevelt. In 1932 only an estimated 23 percent of Chicago's colored vote went to Roosevelt; in 1936 it was 49 percent, and four years later 52 percent. This trend to the Democrats has continued through the Truman Administration. In spite of this, Carey won his position as alderman in a ward that had been Democratic for 16 years. A man like that, the Republicans realize, has to be given some leeway inside the party.

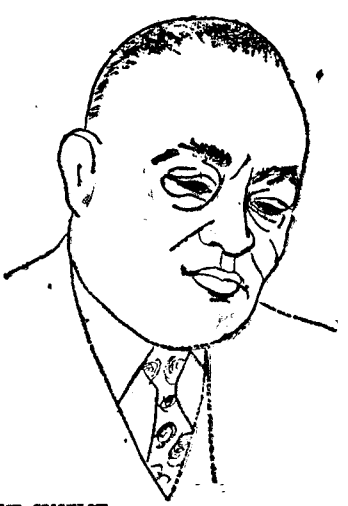
WALDEN THE DEMOCRAT

by Ira De A. Reid

WHEN HERMAN TALMADGE speaks of The People, he means those who read the *Statesman,* the weekly paper founded by his father. When he cries that The People are threatened by the actions of a Negro lawyer in Atlanta, "Colonel for nothing" A. T. Walden, he is expressing a deep-seated fear that grips his kind and a deep-seated truth about the newest developments within the Democratic Party in the South.

Walden is the symbol of the other half of the truth about politics and the Negro in the South. But the threat to the Democratic Party which is represented by the Dixiecrats rests not so much with Walden in Georgia, Arthur D. Shores in Alabama, John McCray in South Carolina and other astute Negro leaders, as it does with the people who gave these men leadership.

The Associated Negro Democratic Clubs of Georgia is not a one-man organization, but Walden is its leader. He is that because for more than three decades he has been able to plead the cause of justice before the Georgia



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courts as well as the United States Supreme Court. For more than 35 years he has pleaded for people who have been denied the right to vote, and the right to jury service; who have been accused of violating "The People's" Jim Crow laws and have been charged with murder, rape, and seeking equal wages in and out of labor unions. In short, the 150,000 registered Negro voters in Georgia who—if and when they vote on local and state matters—must vote a Democratic ticket, are the real threat to the old South and its old-line Democratic Party.

But Walden typifies what has been happening in the South and in Georgia since Negroes were effectively disfranchised in 1906. He was born on a Georgia farm. He received his college education at Atlanta University, a school established under the auspices of the Freedmen's Bureau. He studied law at a Midwestern university, since no professional training was available to Negroes in Georgia. Today his children have been trained in the private colleges of the state and have received their post-graduate education in other sections of the United States. Some things in Georgia haven't changed very much.

Fifteen years ago Walden was a Republican, as were most "respectable" professional Negroes in the South. He was chairman of the Fifth Congressional District's Republican Committee. The national movement of 1912 and 1916 that sought to woo Negro voters from the Republican Party had not been too successful in the South, where the Democrats represented oppression by law and by custom and an insult to the cause symbolized by Abraham Lincoln.

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The nomination and election of Franklin D. Roosevelt provided a basis for Negro political action in the South. In the first place, the times were grave and the power and efficacy of the federal government were to be tested. In the second place, FDR spoke with conviction about all of the people, and Negroes believed he meant what he said. The wide distribution of the equality of want and suffering, the efforts to secure and maintain an equality of relief and employment, and the use of the courts to obtain and maintain a just interpretation and application of federal law, statutes and executive orders, opened the political eyes of Southern Negroes.

Heretofore the colored South had busied itself in politics only at special national elections, when the white-primary practice did not obtain, and when the Republican vote in the South was cast for an ideal with little hope of democratic realization in the area. Now it became evident that through judicial affirmation of citizenship rights, through the destruction of the myth of the white primary, the Negro could obtain some rights and privileges in this region.

It is, therefore, not altogether strange that Walden should change his political affiliation. Nor is it strange that he should move into a position of leadership within the Democratic Party movement. As Henry Lee Moon says in *Balance of Power,* Walden "wields considerable influence in a quiet unobtrusive way. He is respected by the labor and liberal movements in the state, with which he maintains cordial relations."

A mere change of party affiliation, however, means little in Southern politics. The main job Negro Democrats faced was that of recruiting registered voters. Registration was the key to power. Year after year, in Atlanta, Savannah, Augusta, Macon, Columbus and other Georgia cities, there were systematic campaigns to recruit this means to power. In 1904, there were 104,000 Negroes who paid their poll taxes and voted in Georgia. The disfranchisment program of 1906 had effectively wiped out this bulwark of racial strength.

After a great deal of hard work, Negro leaders succeeded in getting the number of Negroes registered in Georgia up to 25,000 in the 1930's. By 1946 the number had been increased to approximately 150,000. And though this number has remained at a virtual stand-still since then, it is still large enough to warrant some effective local participation in the Democratic Party. One need only recall the 770 votes that made Helen Mankin the district's Representative in

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February, 1946. As a result, the State Committee changed the method of election to that arch discriminator against minority peoples and urban citizens—the county-unit system.

Being a practical politician, a Negro, a lawyer and a Democrat has its dilemmas. One of the major issues of this election is the President's Civil Rights Report. Despite the fact that the Truman Democrats were forced to accept the civil-rights program, Negro Democrats in the South are cautious in expressing their all-out defense of this new Bill of Rights. They favor, they say, political and economic equality—the right to vote, the right to jobs as public servants, the right to decent residential areas, to better this and better that in public facilities. Not one of them, however, has gone on the political record as favoring the elimination of segregation.

So here is Walden, a member of the legal staff of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, director of the Young Men's Christian Association, president of the Atlanta Urban League, member of the Board of Trustees of the Baptist Church—all representing the entrenched institutions of his racial group—"boring from within" in the party of racial inaction in a region which still holds that it "is not theirs to argue or to counsel with those who are strangers and alien to our blood."

But the die is cast. The Negro in the South will vote Democratic in the coming election, not so much because of Truman, but despite him. They have not become accustomed to the ways of the Wallace followers—they have come to believe that way means suicide.

Walden symbolizes an unheralded new South—one of coöperation and collaboration with persons who believe in democracy. It is essentially a movement of city Negroes—the professor and the trade unionist, the minister and his congregation, the high-school principal and his pupils of voting age. It is a movement of the Southern Negro press, which has acquired at last a voice that is being heard throughout the South. It is a movement in which Negroes will continue to register as Democrats so long as the South is Democratic. Until the Republicans can build effective local machines they will continue to be "also rans" in the region. Meanwhile, the South's vote will remain solid, but through the political action of such movements as are symbolized by the "Colonel," its composition will be changed.

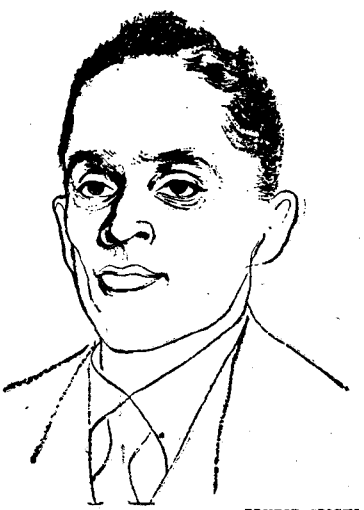
CANNON THE PROGRESSIVE

by Daniel James

"LISTEN, I'm no politician; I'm a doctor," George Cannon proclaims, the minute you walk into his office. Then he grins. He knows you are there to talk politics. He knows that you are aware he is chairman of the Harlem Wallace-for-President Committee. He goes at once into the reasons why he, a Democrat for eleven years and the son of a lifelong Republican, will vote the Progressive ticket this fall.

"As a Negro, I'm glad to support Wallace," he declares. "Wallace says the things all Negroes want to hear, and not only talks, but acts. He expresses the desire for change which Negroes need and want. You see, the major problem with me is race. I wouldn't even mind paying a higher cost of living to solve that problem."

We started by discussing Progressive chances of polling a large vote. Dr. Cannon thought the Wallace movement might have passed its peak. We ended wondering what effect Wallace was having on the Negro vote.



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After the Southern eggings, Dr. Cannon was more certain than ever that Wallace is the Negro's St. George. Characteristically, he made no comment about Wallace's impact on Southern whites, but expressed concern over whether he had gained much Negro support. In his opinion, Southern Negroes will go Democratic overwhelmingly because they think the real battle is within Democratic ranks.

Observing the fine furnishings of Dr. Cannon's quiet, dignified office, and remembering that his specialized practice occupies two floors of this building which he owns, you wonder why this man who was born and raised in the North and who has suffered less personal discrimination than most Negroes, should be so influenced by racial considerations. Then you realize that, as Gunnar Myrdal wrote, it is precisely the higher-level Negro whose color alone keeps him from enjoying the advantages possessed by his white counterpart who experiences the sharpest frustration and reacts most keenly to the race issue.

I asked Dr. Cannon about Wallace's alleged refusal when he was Secretary of Agriculture to treat with a Negro delegation led by the venerable Mary McLeod Bethune. The Harlem leader remarked, "You can't go by the past record."

On Truman's record on civil rights, Dr. Cannon commented, "I give Truman full credit for what he's done, but he hasn't done enough. He hasn't dared go whole-hog and outlaw segregation in the armed forces." After a

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moment's thought, he added, "You know, if Truman outlawed segregation he'd knock the props from under Wallace." Mischievously, he added, "Then I might even vote for him myself."

Cannon, though not a "politician," and without personal ambition, is not a political novice. In 1945 he was asked to be a candidate for the New York City Council, and was almost certain to be elected. Shortly before the present campaign opened, delegations wanted him to run for the state senate. Both times he refused. His pro-Wallace activity dates from last fall, when he joined the Progressive Citizens of America and was elected chairman of its Harlem branch. Before that, he had chaired the Non-Partisan Citizens' Committee which elected Communist leader Benjamin Davis Jr. to the New York City Council in 1943, and again in 1945.

"Ben's an old friend of mine," he explained. "At school we used to call on the same girl. I felt that the Council ought to have a Negro on it, regardless of his political beliefs." Though strongly opposed to the Communist ideology, Dr. Cannon believes it is possible to work with the Communists on special issues, such as the race problem.

On the other hand, he expressed the opinion that the Communists were becoming a serious threat within the Progressive Party, and added the hope that Wallace soon would publish an unequivocal statement on them. "I feel like Tugwell about it—'uneasy'," he admitted. At the Progressive Party's founding convention in Philadelphia —where he was elected a National Committeeman—Dr. Cannon said that he had observed "some steamrollering."

George Cannon's late father was also a physician, and in his day every bit as "unpolitical" as his offspring. The elder Cannon, who practised in Jersey City, once ran for the New Jersey legislature on the Republican ticket, but was beaten by a henchman of Frank Hague. Later, he defeated the Jersey City boss on the issue of appointing Negro policemen.

Cannon sees no inconsistency in the fact that he, a champion of the common man, lives in a Sugar Hill penthouse, sports a Buick convertible, and owns a thirty-seven-foot cabin cruiser, *Poseidon II.*

The Cannon apartment atop swanky 555 Edgecombe Avenue is the envy of all visitors because it boasts a big terrace with an awning and luxurious garden chairs, from which it is possible on humid evenings to enjoy, simultaneously, a refreshing drink, a cool breeze, and a major-league ball game in the Polo Grounds right below.

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George Cannon was born in Jersey City forty-six years ago, and attended its public schools. He received his B.A. from Lincoln University, a popular all-Negro institution in Pennsylvania, and his M.D. from Rush Medical College, University of Chicago. A full account of his medical activities since he started practising in 1937 would fill a page in a physician's Who's Who. He is on the staff of New York's Triborough Hospital and the Hospital for Joint Diseases and is one of the six Negroes to have been appointed to the New York Academy of Medicine.

Dr. Cannon is as active in medical, as he is in general, politics, being a leader of the Physicians' Forum faction in the New York County Medical Society. In a sharp struggle against the Society's administration last May, Cannon's group was accused of following "a foreign ideology," and its slate of officers was defeated. This attack was inspired partly by conservative-minded opposition to the Forum's espousal of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell health bill, and partly by fear of infiltration on the part of suspected fellow travelers who are in the Forum's leadership.

Politically, as we have seen, Cannon is forcefully independent. Though he works with Communists, he opposes their attempts to control the Progressive Party. Similarly, while an ardent supporter of Wallace, he does not go along with his position on foreign policy. "I'm not all for Wallace on his Russian stand," are Dr. Cannon's exact words. "He should come out with a statement that Russia is not always right. I'm not an enemy of Russia, but I look at it realistically—she can't always be right. That's the major weakness in Wallace's position."

This leaves the race issue as the real cement which binds George Cannon to the Wallace movement. But for this very reason, he is unable to display toward Truman the same hostility as do probably a majority of Wallace's white supporters. And he has, not surprisingly therefore, a tolerant attitude toward Tom Dewey. "Even Dewey," he maintains, "won't be a total loss." Under the Republicans, "at least congressional chairmanships will be taken out of the hands of prejudiced Southerners."

Such tolerance, open-mindedness, or inconsistency—depending on your view —is a nearly perfect reflection of the deep split among Negroes as a whole on the three major presidential candidates.

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THEY MEANT TO LYNCH HIM

by the Reverend Minns S. Robertson

I KNOW what it means to be really scared.

It happened so quick that I had no chance to act otherwise had I been so inclined, but I did wish that I were elsewhere.

I was in my second-story study on Sunday afternoon trying to capture the mood of the sermon to be delivered that night in the Methodist Church at Slidell, Louisiana. The task seemed unusually hard, and I was not making much progress when I was startled by the sound of angry cursing on the street below.

Rushing to a window, I saw two white men running with automobile wrenches in their hands and shouting their curses as they ran. Moving quickly to the other window, I saw a Negro soldier in full flight before them.

I dashed down the stairs and out to the sidewalk, but by that time they had passed on, and feeling that after all it was none of my business, and the Negro probably would get away, I shrugged my shoulders, spoke to the children playing in the yard, and returned to the house.

As I walked toward the kitchen for a drink of water, my eye startled to see the Negro standing, hidden from the street by the wing of the house.

I walked out and said, "What's the trouble?"

He replied, "They are trying to beat me up."

As I studied the clean young man, quite different from the Southern Negro in language and bearing, I asked, "And what did you do?"

He said, "I didn't do anything."

As pastor of a medium-sized church, I knew that there was something else, but instead of going into the background, I asked, "What can I do to help?"

He replied, "If you can telephone my Commanding Officer, he will come and get me."

I went to the telephone and tried to get the officer, but was unable to reach him. Then I called the local police.

As I hung up the telephone, I saw the crowd approaching the front gate, but now there were at least thirty, among them at least one woman. I glanced at the baseball bat in the hall, but quickly decided that such a weapon would only lead to injury. I could not help noticing the bricks lined up in the yard where the children had been playing train. I thought, "If necessary, I'll give a good account of myself."

The Negro boy walked with me as I met the crowd, which was increasing all the time. I said, "What's the trouble?"

One of those holding a wrench panted, "We're goin' to kill him. He cursed a white woman."

"How did that happen?" I asked.

"It's none of your business," came the reply. "We know what we're doin' and no nigger is goin' to cuss a white woman here an' get away with it."

Another one spoke up, "Just tell him to get out of your yard where we can get at him. That's all we want."

I countered, "I must know more about how it all happened. Besides, the church has always afforded sanctuary when appealed to," I said.

One of the leaders said, "You had better do what we ask, or it may be too bad for you."

I looked at the Negro and asked, "What did happen?"

"They tried to run over me," he replied.

"And who was driving?" I asked.

"The woman was."

I thought I was beginning to understand the trouble. The white men, with their wives, had been drinking, and on leaving the bar, they decided that they would run over a Negro. It happened that one of the women was driving, and they all decided that the Negro's angry words, when he miraculously escaped, were "cursing the white woman."

As the picture came clearer to me, I saw a woman angrily darting through the crowd saying: "Don't let that —— preacher stand in your way—he's probably a d--n Yankee too," and "Don't let that d--n nigger lover stand in your way."

A feeling of nausea seized me, that a so-called lady should descend to such depths. And at the same time I could but wonder what the members of the church would think of their pastor becoming involved in what threatened to become a lynching. I probably prayed harder than I ever did at that moment as I stalled for time.

"I have called the police, and you will just have to let the law handle it," I said.

"Law h--l!" the half-drunk woman shouted. "We don't need none of his law."

The crowd had grown now to more than three hundred. I felt that the temper was becoming shorter, and my wife was trying desperately to get the police on the scene.

I tried to appear calm as I tried to reason that harming a man in the uniform of the US Army would not be just a local crime, and it would be different from attacking one of the local

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While the New Republic was preparing this special issue on the role of the Negro in American politics, the manuscript for "They Meant to Lynch Him" came unsolicited to the editors. The author is the pastor of the First Methodist Church in Winnsboro, Louisiana. Although not bearing directly on the subject of Negro political leaders, the piece demonstrates with simplicity and clarity the realities of their fight to set their people truly free. In submitting the story, the Reverend Robertson wrote: "The enclosed is a true account of one of my experiences which I believe would bear repeating, indicating that all Southerners are not bigoted and prejudiced against members of the Negro race. It is my personal opinion that this might well be multiplied many times by the acts of considerate white people who have the plight of the Negro at heart, but it is a problem that no amount of agitation or legislation can work out. However, I do think real progress is being made, and that conscientious leaders of both races are aware of a growing sentiment for justice and opportunity in the South."

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DRAWING BY BEN SHAHN

Negroes. Desperately I sought to present enough argument to keep them talking.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that, in addition to those of the mob intent on murder, there were a number of Negro men and women who seemed to be mere observers, as were a number of the white people.

An Army transport truck drove up, and about twenty Negro soldiers piled out and came over to the fence, saying, "Come on, boy. We'll take you on back to camp."

Instead of feeling relieved at their appearance, I trembled inwardly. Was I staving off a lynching to promote a riot?

The makings of the worst sort of mob violence stood before me. I wondered if I should let the Negro boy go and disclaim any responsibility for what might happen. But as I looked again at my children playing in the yard, a fear of shooting choked me. They *might* be hurt; *many people might be*. Was it possible that a riot might be prevented?

I looked at the Negro men, and at the one in the yard beside me, and said, "He will just have to stay here with me until the police come."

My wife called from the porch, "The marshal says he'll be right out."

But that was not enough for the crowd. The two factions began growling at each other, threatening. One Negro jumped in the truck and dashed off, presumably for reinforcements. Fists were clenched; sticks were grasped. And as the whole affair was out of my hand, I prayed especially that the police would come.

The police car drove up. The town marshal had come alone. I had some brief misgivings, but he was equal to the occasion. He opened the gate and said, "Come on here, boy. Don't you know to keep your place down South?"

As he started out, he shouted the command, "Break it up and go home now."

The opposing factions stood as though stunned while the marshal took the prisoner away. Then they slowly drifted off.

I felt like anything but a hero. I did not see how I could face another crowd, especially one which might be hostile. But there was no local resentment that I had helped prevent a lynching or a riot, Rather, most of the people came around to say, "That was a splendid thing you did today. You couldn't have done anything else."

And indeed it seemed that I couldn't do anything else, even though I knew the possibility of serious personal danger. The attitude of the church members and the more respectable citizens helped restore much of my faith in people, where the angry mob had made me loathe to be identified with a race of people who would take such advantage of the underprivileged and the minority among us.

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SECRETARY MARSHALL'S BLUNDER

by I. F. Stone

THE LAST progress report made by Count Folke Bernadotte before his assassination must be read in the light of the circumstances which led to his appointment. The resolution establishing a United Nations Mediator on Palestine was part of the rear-guard action fought by the Foreign Office and the State Department against partition. The Department first showed its hand openly on March 19 when it asked the Security Council "to suspend its efforts to implement the proposed partition plan." The shock of this reversal, for which Secretary Marshall assumed responsibility, forced the Department to move more warily toward its next objective, the substitution of a "temporary" but indefinite trusteeship for partition. When this failed, the United States delegation, with British support, then brought forward the resolution for mediation.

The mediation proposal, as offered on May 12, promised a means of revising the partition plan without the necessity of a vote formally revoking the November 29 decision. The resolution sought to postpone the establishment of a Jewish state; this had been privately demanded by Secretary Marshall a few days earlier of Moshe Shertok, Foreign Minister designate of the projected Israeli government. A naïve observer would have expected the American representatives at the UN to drop mediation in favor of enforcing partition after President Truman's surprise action extending *de facto* recognition to the new state on May 14. American policy, however, was no more consistent after May 14 than it had been after November 29; on the working diplomatic level, hostility made itself felt again once White House pressure was turned off. Within three hours after recognition, the State Department had succeeded in putting through the UN General Assembly the mediation resolution by which Marshall and his aides still hoped to reduce Israel in size and sovereignty. This was the task assigned Count Bernadotte.

To say this is not to impugn the honor of the murdered mediator; it is a statement of the consequences implicit in resort to mediation as an alternative to enforcement. To mediate between Jews who accepted the November 29 decision and Arabs who were still fighting, it was necessary to seek some way of placating the latter at the expense of the former. To insist on the November 29 terms would have been enforcement, not mediation. If this was to reward defiance of the United Nations, the fault lay not with the mediator but with the United Kingdom and the United States, which sponsored the mediation resolution when they could not succeed in obtaining an open reversal of the partition decision.

In these circumstances, whatever was in Bernadotte's mind, the direction of his efforts was inevitably in the direction of whittling down the new Jewish state. This often cloaked itself in disingenuous phrases. Bernadotte said in his last report, "The instant question, therefore, is not whether it may be advisable to review and revise the resolution of 29 November, 1947. It has already been outrun and irrevocably revised by the actual facts of recent Palestine history."

On the surface this seemed to be a plea for accepting the military realities under which the Jews held not only all that was allotted them by the UN decision but also western Galilee, a wide corridor to Jerusalem and most of the Holy City itself. Actually, far from accepting this situation as "irrevocably revised," Bernadotte proposed drastically to revise it. The words quoted turn out to be only a deceptively disarming foreword to proposals by which the Jews were asked to give up far more than they had won, proposals so drastic as to constitute another partition of Palestine.

A few figures will indicate why these proposals have aroused such bitter opposition in Israel; why Secretary Marshall's immediate endorsement created such dismay among Israel's friends in the United States. Palestine, as originally granted Britain under a League of Nations mandate, was a territory of 45,000 square miles on both sides of the Jordan. In 1922 the first partition cut away the 35,000 square miles east of the Jordan, and created "Trans-jordan," which was shut off to Jewish immigration. The second partition decreed by the November 29 decision allotted a little more than half of the remaining 10,000 square miles west of the Jordan to Israel.

Bernadotte proposed a third partition which would give Israel 420 square miles in western Galillee in exchange for 3,800 square miles of the Negev and Southern Judea, reducing Israel to some 2,200 square miles. This is less than one-third the size of New Jersey. Arab Palestine, enlarged by the amputation of Israel's territories, would be added to Trans-jordan, increasing to 42,500 square miles the area of this new Arab kingdom, hastily made "independent" by the British two years ago but still defended by an army under British command and British-paid.

Mediation was defended as a means of appeasing Arab anger over partition, but the proposals put forward by Bernadotte bear a resemblance to earlier Palestine proposals framed by Britain to further her own strategic plans in the Middle East. What they have in common is the aggrandizement of Trans-jordan, the only Arab state securely under British domination; arrangements which would give the Anglo-American oil companies undisturbed and unregulated use of their huge refineries under a special regime at Haifa; and the detachment from the Jewish area of the Negev, long wanted by the British as a military base.

In the eyes of the Palestinian Arab nationalist these proposals may seem primarily concessions to British im-

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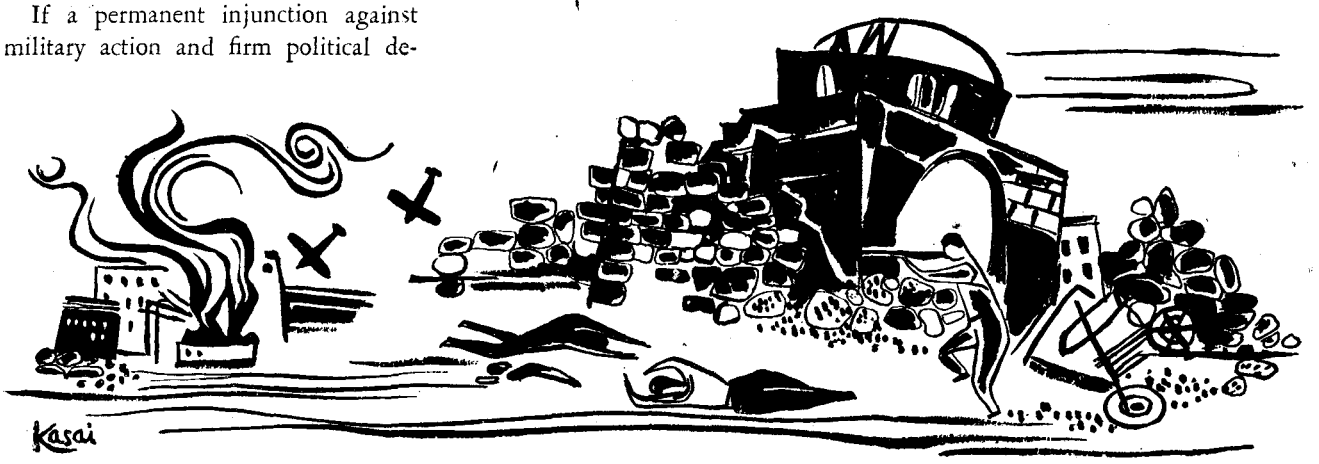
perial interests. Whether the oil companies enjoy international protection, free port privileges or extra territoriality of one sort or another in Haifa is less than a burning question for the Arabs. The Negev figures prominently in both British and Jewish planning for the future of Palestine; but this barren southern desert is hardly mentioned in Arab discussions; more desert is the least of Arab needs. To place one million Palestinian Arabs under the British subsidized ruler of 400,000 Bedouins may seem to the Arab intellectual only an indirect way of partitioning Palestine between the British and the Jews; mediation takes on the aspect of a means to make the partition scheme more palatable to Bevin. For Anglo-American diplomacy, the lesser evil is the lesser Israel; to enlarge the dependency of Trans-jordan is next best to restoring all Palestine to colonial rule and availability as a military base.

The nature of this mediation effort becomes clearer when one considers the meaning of Bernadotte's own statement that he was "reasonably confident that, given the permanet injunction against military action issued by the Security Council, and firm political decisions by the General Assembly, both sides will acquiesce, however reluctantly, in any reasonable settlement on which is placed the stamp of approval of the United Nations." The purpose of mediation is by compromise to obtain voluntary agreement; a mediation proposal which must be enforced by outside authority is no longer mediation; it is compulsory arbitration.

If a permanent injunction against military action and firm political decisions by the Assembly are needed to enforce the Bernadotte plan, if both combined will achieve acquiescence in "any reasonable settlement," why backtrack from the supposedly firm political decision made by the General Assembly on November 29? That partition plan, the result of special investigation and debate, was more reasonable than Bernadotte's. By giving the Jews an almost empty desert area the Arabs do not need, the November 29 plan offered a means of resettling those homeless Jews whose plight precipitated this whole dispute. At least one side was ready to accept the decision of November 29; both oppose the Bernadotte proposals. This was evident at Paris when the friends of Israel and the Arab states joined hands to defeat the Anglo-American effort to put Palestine at the head of the UN General Assembly's agenda and thus exploit the horror over Bernadotte's murder for quick approval of his plan.

The bold position taken by the Israeli government at Paris indicates that the key to a peaceful settlement lies in the Negev. Politically, it is as impossible for any Israeli government to give up the Negev as it would have been to postpone the declaration of statehood. The two dozen Jewish settlements in the Negev were established and have been defended at too great a cost. To the Israeli, taking away the Negev appears as only another way to restrict immigration. Bernadotte's earlier proposal would have subjected Jewish immigration after two years to Arab appeal and UN authority. His last proposal adopts the easier method of simply reducing Israel's territory by almost two-thirds, cutting away most of the land still sparsely settled enough to make room for a substantial number of new immigrants. The loss of the Negev would spell the end of the Lowdermilk plan for a TVA on the Jordan and blight the hopes of many waiting in the DP camps. President Truman began by appealing to the British to allow 100,000 to enter Palestine; will he end by weakly accepting an endorsement by his Secretary of State which shuts the gates in another way?

The weakness in the State Department's position is twofold: moral and military. Morally it is in a poor position to ask the Assembly for a "firm" political decision enforcing the Bernadotte proposals after undercutting efforts to enforce the "firm" political decision made last November. If any decision must be enforced, why not one that would at least solve the problem of resettling homeless European Jewish refugees? Why enforce a solution that still leaves this other half of the problem unsolved? The military weakness is more serious. The Jews hold the Negev. They will not give it up. The Arabs have shown that they cannot take it from them. Will the State Department, which prevented the mobilization of an international force to implement the November 29 decision against Arab opposition, now propose to raise an army to fight the Jews?



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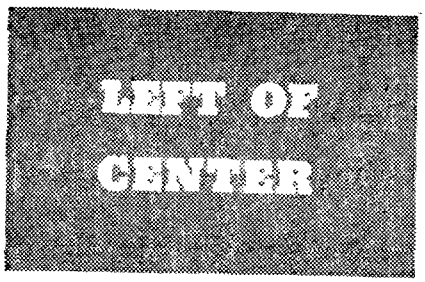

This is the first of a series reporting what is happening, throughout the country, among progressives.
—THE EDITORS

LEFT-OF-CENTER is a blurred tag. The outsider sees it as some kind of red or pink. The insider requires more detailed delineation. This column seeks to spot trends in and around left-of-center, in order to inform, assist and guide all those who seek to make non-totalitarian progressivism an effective instrument for social progress.

The variety of trends among self-styled "progressives" is indicated by the number of Left candidates for President of the United States in 1948. In addition to Henry A. Wallace, who will get the largest of the minority-party votes, there are Socialist Norman Thomas, Socialist Labor Partyite Edward Teichert, and Socialist Workers' Partyite Farrell Dobbs.

The Workers' Party (Trotskyist splinter) advises its followers to vote for any one of the three Socialist candidates, but not for Wallace. The Social-Democratic Federation takes the unusual position that its New York members should go along with the Liberal Party in support of Truman, whereas other members might well work for Thomas. Curiously enough, all these parties (the SLP excepted) favor a broad amalgamation of liberals, radicals and labor. All these parties (except the Progressive Party) think that the Wallace movement is not the basis for such an amalgamation, because of the Communist tie-up and the lack of labor support. All pay close attention to political action by labor.

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Major trends in labor politics are: (a) growing unity *at the bottom*; (b) precinct machinery to deliver the vote. Both trends are most observable by an examination of local action rather than top developments. Some random developments:

In Toledo, Ohio, Thomas H. Burke was CIO candidate in the Democratic primary. When he won, this executive-secretary of the Toledo CIO Council got the backing of the AFL, the Railroad Brotherhoods and independent unions. On Labor Day, the AFL paraded down one street, the CIO down another street; they merged and marched side by side.

In Barberton, Ohio, a joint CIO-AFL Labor Day rally was held.

In Maryland's Sixth District, F. Byrne Austin is the Democratic nominee for Congress, backed by the AFL, the CIO and independent unions.

In Montgomery, Alabama, the Thurmond ticket was challenged by a movement to put the Democratic Party on the ballot. At a convention called for this purpose there were representatives of the AFL, the CIO, the Mine Workers and the Railroad Brotherhoods.

In Dallas, Texas, it was a combination of Americans for Democratic Action, CIO, AFL and Negro Voters' Progressive League that invaded the county convention to liberalize the Democratic Party.

In Minnesota, Hubert H. Humphrey had the united backing of the CIO, the AFL and the Railroad Brotherhoods in his primary race for the Senate against Wallaceite James Shields.

The delegation of the Musicians' Union to the AFL convention in November will ask that "a national labor board be created, of representatives of all labor groups, to plan and work toward a united labor movement."

★

Alongside this trend toward unity is the growth of labor precinct political machinery. The CIO, through its PAC, has long recognized this need. The AFL, through its LLPE (Labor's League for Political Education), is seriously, though spottily, buckling down to the same job.

The new technique has shown results: The Kansas City *Times* reports (September 28), "Registration now totals about 203,000 persons and the Democrats and organized labor, particularly Labor's Education and Political Club, are credited with adding most of the 24,000 names listed since the August primary elections." What the LLPE did in KC, the unions (mainly the UAW) did in Detroit with a record-breaking registration of 330,000, well above 1944 and 1946. In San Francisco a record registration of 460,768 is noted. This is 22,000 above the previous high mark. The defeat of Governor Blue in the Iowa primaries is accredited to the huge vote labor brought to the polls.

★

Those who evaluate new political forces inside and outside the organized labor movement have been following the rise and fall of Wallace sentiment in the trade unions. Major unions on which attention has been focused are the Transport Workers' Union (CIO), the National Maritime Union (CIO), the Rubber Workers (CIO) and the United Electric, Radio and Machine Workers' Union. These are all large outfits with a traditionally Left tinge. Of these four, the first two have seen their leadership, Quill and Curran, turn vigorously against Wallace; the third goes along with CIO policy; the UE leadership has been working for Wallace but was not ready to put the endorsement to a convention test.

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James A. Mulroney, Secretary-Treasurer of Local 42, Hotel and Restaurant Employees, devotes his September column to backing Truman and repudiating Wallace. He is under investigation by the State Federation of Labor because of alleged Communist affiliations. . . . Fred Dowling, Canadian Director of the United Packinghouse Workers of America, barred by immigration from entry into the US, is an active anti-Communist. . . . The Trotskyites (SWP brand) are publicly inviting Tito (in an open letter) to set up a new Communist International in opposition to Stalin. . . . Of the 105 redcaps who attended the convention of the United Transport Service Employees (CIO), 68 had gone to college. No other union in the United States can top that.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S NATION

by Malcolm Cowley

AFTER A SILENCE of eight years, William Faulkner has resumed his many-volumed Yoknapatawpha saga, but with a difference in method. For the first time he is preaching on a text as well as presenting human lives. He is making explicit the political doctrines that were present by implication in his earlier work.

Faulkner has always been a Southern Nationalist. In his new novel he defends his I'll-take-my-stand; but first he explains it by describing the mind of a boy who is being reared in the Southern tradition. The boy, Chick Mallison, is the hero of *Intruder in the Dust* (Random House; $3). At 16 he dreams of the quiet moment at Gettysburg before Pickett's charge, when everything was still to be decided. He also dreams of the North, and pictures it as a circumscribing wall from the top of which look down:

> . . . countless row on row of faces which resembled his face and spoke the same language he spoke and at times even answered to the same names he bore, yet between whom and him and his there was no longer any real kinship and soon there would not even be any contact, since the very mutual words they used would no longer have the same significance and soon after that even this would be gone, because they would be too far asunder even to hear one another: only the massed uncountable faces looking down at him and his in fading amazement and outrage and frustration and, most curious of all, gullibility.

The boy's feeling about the North is partly Faulkner's feeling, too; and he wrote *Intruder in the Dust* at a moment when it seemed to him that the Northern faces were moving out from behind their wall to threaten the integrity of the Southern nation. The story he tells is of a lynching that didn't occur. Old Lucas Beauchamp, a lonely, arrogant Negro, has been found with a pistol beside the body of a white man shot in the back. The town of Jefferson waits for him to be dragged from the jail and burned, so that it can play its part in a ritual murder and then relapse into its everyday calm. But Lucas, four years before, had put Chick Mallison under his debt and he now asks Chick to perform an unthinkable deed: to dig up the corpse that night, before the mob has surrounded the jail, so as to prove that the white man hadn't been killed with Lucas' pistol.

"Go out there and look at him," Lucas says, and Chick finally goes, but not alone. Old Miss Habersham, last relic of the oldest family in town, drives him to the graveyard in her pickup truck. Aleck Sander, Chick's Negro playmate, risks his life by helping to open the grave. I won't spoil Faulkner's story by telling what they find in the grave, or how they prevent the lynching with the help of a sheriff who respects his oath of office, but the point of the story is no secret from the beginning. The point implicit in every event is that lynching can be prevented, not by federal laws, but simply by Southerners—even boys and old women—who do their duty and obey the code of justice and courage handed down from their fathers.

DRAWING BY MARVIN BILECK

The story is told in Faulkner's familiar style, with the strong, self-hypnotic rhythms and the sentences that overflow into paragraphs without a stop for breath. Sometimes, as in his other books, the language is painfully involved. "It was," Faulkner says for Chick, "his uncle's abnegant and rhetorical self-lacerating which was the phony one and his father was gnawing the true bitter irremediable bone of all which was dismatchment with time." That is pretentious, besides being unclear, but elsewhere Faulkner sweeps us forward as if on the crest of a torrent. He does superbly well with figures and landscapes. For example, there is the solitary plowman, "the face black and gleamed with sweat and passionate with effort, tense, concentrated and composed . . . the man and his mule and the wooden plow which coupled them furious and solitary, fixed and without progress in the earth, leaning terrifically against nothing."

Besides painting figures and landscapes, Faulkner has an extraordinary gift for revealing characters in action—all sorts of characters, a one-armed pine-hill farmer, a sheriff, an old maid, and Lucas sitting intractable in his cell. Each of these is presented with loving admiration and the villains are kept in the background. Now one can clearly see what many readers formerly overlooked: that these are Faulkner's people and that he loves them in a fashion fierce and proprietary. Like

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his adolescent hero he makes an "almost instinctive leap and spring to defend them from anyone anywhere, so that he might excoriate them himself without mercy since they were his own and he wanted no more save to stand with them unalterable and impregnable . . . one people, one heart, one land."

That is Faulkner's nationalism expressed in terms of almost pure emotion, but it is elsewhere expressed in terms of argument. Besides making his lesson implicit in the story, Faulkner uses it—unfortunately, I think—as the text for a series of sermons by Chick's uncle, Gavin Stevens. The uncle, he is careful to tell us, "had for everything an explanation not in facts but long since beyond dry statistics into something far more moving because it was truth." But the explanation sometimes overshadows the story and it ends by revealing the dilemma of Southern Nationalism.

The uncle tells us that Lucas, as representative of his race, "is a human being living in a free country and hence must be free. Some day Lucas Beauchamp can shoot a white man in the back with the same impunity to lynch rope or gasoline as a white man; in time he will vote anywhen and anywhere a white man can and send his children to the same school . . . and travel anywhere the white man travels as the white man does it. But it won't be next Tuesday. Yet people in the North believe it can be compelled even into next Monday by the simple ratification by votes of a printed paragraph." The South must resist that effort and must insist on its own right to set the Negro free. If it fails to resist it will be surrendering its identity and its birthright.

This is by no means the whole of Gavin's explanation, but it is enough to reveal the contradiction in his and Faulkner's argument. Let us consider the two themes it forces together, the positive and the negative.

On the positive side, the South *is* a nation in many senses of the word, or at least a subnation with its own history, its own patterns of behavior and its own national consciousness, which shows few signs of growing weaker even in this age of centralized propaganda. It is, however, an incomplete and a frustrated nation. For almost 150 years it has been trying out its national identity, at first by politics, then by arms and then in our own age by fiction and poetry that is often more compelling than anything written in the North. Moreover, its aspirations are as legitimate as those of any other partial nation—like Bavaria or Slovakia or French Canada—that is trying to complete itself against the opposition of a federal government. Since it doesn't ask for independence, but merely for identity, its ambitions might be satisfied within the framework of the federal Constitution.

The negative side of the picture is that the South has been forced or has blundered into choosing the wrong flag. It rallies under the banner of White Supremacy. Thousands and perhaps even millions of Southerners no longer believe in that banner, and yet when it is threatened from the North they hasten to defend it out of loyalty to everything good in the South. The tragedy of intelligent Southerners like Faulkner is that their two fundamental beliefs, in human equality and in Southern independence, are now in violent conflict.

WARNING TO AMERICANS

REPORT ON THE GREEKS, by Frank Smothers, William Hardy McNeill and Elizabeth Darbyshire McNeill (Twentieth Century Fund; $2.50).

THE FOREWORD of this book begins: "In October, 1946—several months before the announcement of the 'Truman Doctrine' put Greece into the headlines—the Trustees of the Twentieth Century Fund decided that the Fund should do what it could to give the American public a better understanding of the people of Greece." Early in 1947 the Fund sent a team of three investigators to spend three months in Greece and to make a report. Now, almost two years later, their findings are published. It's too bad Congress did not have the book on hand a year ago, but better late . . .

On the face of it, the report is dated. Since it was gathered, there has been a new Greek coalition government; American aid has been operative for at least a year; the guerrillas have been annihilated, or almost so, several times; and Greece is now being cared for under the ministrations of the Economic Coöperation Administration. But, brushing aside the intervening headlines, the basic content of the report is as valid as ever; and what's more, probably will still be valid a few years and several Greek governments from now.

The book shows clearly that the conflicts which make Greece a world problem cannot be quickly solved by congressional appropriation or the mechanization of the government's army. In 1947 the government had already received $700 million in foreign aid since liberation; but the three reporters—Frank Smothers, formerly a Chicago *Sun* editorial writer; William McNeill, once Assistant US Military Attaché in Athens; and his wife, who worked for USIS in the Greek capital—found little if any evidence of basic economic improvement as a result of these outside funds. "Without internal peace," the authors write, "neither the Greek people nor any Greek government can concentrate on the tasks of rehabilitation and advance."

They found the civil war rooted in conflicts deeper than the current "cold war." As the report clearly indicates, the causes of the struggle are embedded in the native soil of Greece, an agricultural country which cannot support its expanding population. The authors show how the discord is fed by illiteracy, by unjust taxation, by inflation and by the economic exploitation of the many by the few.

To give us an understanding of the Greeks, the team sampled public opinion, moving from Athens to the countryside, from government-held towns to guerrilla posts in the hills. Their findings have the ring of fact and familiarity; to this reviewer they were echoes of civil-war-torn China, also

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suffering from "anxiety on all sides," from undernutrition, unemployment, insecurity and fear.

Reading the report, Americans will be reminded, too, that in the coming months millions more US aid will be poured into the Greeces of the world, sometimes in the name of humanity, sometimes in the name of saving-the-West-from-communism. Although their on-the-spot observations are almost two years old, the reporters have found little in Greece that would predicate immediate success for Messrs. Hoffman and Harriman in their efforts to realize the Marshall Plan. The stop-gap international policy which we have taken out cannot be paid up with a few whopping premiums. It must be supported by long-range economic and social advances. And in Greece, the authors say, this kind of program requires internal and international peace, decentralization of economic and political responsibility, plus government initiative and leadership (hitherto lacking in Athens).

Report on the Greeks is really *A Warning to Americans*. The team has done a good, if not a definitive, job; and the book is worth reading. Vigorous opponents of the Greek government may find it objectionable instead of objective. It is certainly not pro-Markos. If anything, it is pro-survival—not only for the Greeks but for ourselves. Unless we understand the heavy responsibilities we have assumed, Greece can expect nothing but more overpopulation, and with it famine, pestilence and war.

RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH

MEN AT WAR

THE YOUNG LIONS, by Irwin Shaw (Random House; $3.95).

IRWIN SHAW is a fine short-story writer and a talented playwright, and it seems to me one of the sad things of the season that, between the two of him, they have managed to mar his first novel. Long, ambitious, panoramic and deeply felt, *The Young Lions* attempts, frequently with great success, to express the individual and mass ordeal of modern warfare through the common denominator of three soldiers. Two of them are American and one is German, or, more exactly and with its special implications, an Austrian fighting with the German army. The lives of the three form the major striations of the novel, converging gradually and irregularly to a point of dramatic collision at its end. It is this manipulated dénouement, depending heavily upon coincidence, which, while it can make for a tingling curtain-downer in the theatre, seems to me scarcely in the best tradition of the serious novel.

Shaw's three soldiers—Michael Whitacre, Noah Ackerman and Christian Diestl—are carefully chosen and are, in a sense, double agents serving as symbols and as characters. On New Year's Eve in 1938, as the novel begins, Whitacre, a Broadway stage manager—a careless, self-styled liberal with a mumbling conscience—is attending a slick, shrill holiday party. Across the world, in the Austrian Tyrol, Christian Diestl, an intelligent, thoughtful ski instructor at a snow-spa, is rationalizing Nazism in terms of patriotism to a troubled American girl; while in Santa Monica, in a cheap hall bedroom, Noah Ackerman, a lonely, introspective young Jew, is sitting by the deathbed of the engaging, irresponsible, rapscallion father whom he has scarcely known.

A few years later Christian Diestl, his rationale complete, is entering Paris with the euphoric German army. Ackerman and Whitacre are training-camp barracks mates, and the former, in despair at the activated anti-Semitism of his fellow soldiers, is, in one of the most effective passages of the book, obsessively fist-fighting, one by one, the ten most arrogant bullies of his barracks. Eventually Noah finds himself in his own unguessed courage and in a discovered brotherhood with other men, and it is he who leads the confused and vacillating Whitacre to an ultimate integration. As these two play their antiphonal parts we encounter the symmetrical interruptions of Christian Diestl, whose moral disintegration keeps pace with the Wagnerian collapse of the Nazi regime.

Irwin Shaw gives the best writing of *The Young Lions* to Noah Ackerman. Through him, the author articulates his faith in the essential dignity of man, even though placed by war in conditions monstrously contrived to destroy that dignity, and to make it impossible. It is Ackerman who lived most vividly for me in *The Young Lions*, who died and yet did not die.

So much for the emotional impact of the book, which is at times very strong, because Shaw feels things deeply and states them urgently, and it is impossible not to be moved by his passion and compassion. I have said that *The Young Lions* is marred, and it is. If the structure exhibits the dramatist's, rather than the novelist's technique, it also shows the hand of the short-story writer. The action of *The Young Lions* proceeds not cursively but through a series of integrated incidents, each with an arresting climax, so that Shaw's three soldiers find themselves too frequently confined within that arbitrary form, working for a short story and not for the novel. This may account for their thinness, for the missing dimensions, as indeed men might become exhausted, forced to work for a playwright, a novelist and a short-story writer all at the same time.

JOHN WOODBURN

BLOCKADE RUNNER

A MAN CALLED WHITE, by Walter White (The Viking Press; $3.75.)

THIS BOOK is both autobiography and a study of the Negro problem in America written from a peculiar vantage point. Walter White, as he makes clear in his opening paragraph, could pass anywhere for a white man. He has, in fact, when acting as a spy for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (of which he has been an active member since he was 25), often been accepted as white. Yet because of the tiny fraction of Negro blood in his veins he has chosen to live as a Negro and to

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devote his life to the fight for equal opportunities for that race.

Probably no man in America has a sharper and more personal awareness of the arbitrariness of the line drawn between black and white. "Suppose," he writes, "the skin of every Negro in America were suddenly to turn white. What would happen to all the notions about Negroes, the bases on which are built race prejudice and race hatred?"

At the same time, and despite the ugly experience in his youth that first forced the fact of his race upon him, he has, it seems obvious, been spared some of the worst humiliations of the Negro—the slights from casually encountered strangers, the omnipresent fact of a black skin and the awareness of it everywhere: in a store, restaurant, theatre, subway. White has moved between two worlds, consciously a member of the one but able to pass at will into the other without the constant, choking resentment of the unmistakable Negro, to whom no choice is offered.

The advantages of this have been a self-confidence, apparent in his writing, and a perspective that enables him to see the attitude of the white man to the Negro as well as the reverse, and the wider problem of prejudice.

Primarily, his book is the story of the NAACP's continuing fight against lynchings, disfranchisement and the lack of educational facilities for the Negro in the South, against job and housing discrimination and sometimes violence in the North, and against segregation and prejudice in the armed forces. White relates his experiences in an easy and readable manner, but his facts, not his writing, give the book its force. However familiar the details of American race prejudice during the last thirty years may be, this factual, personal recapitulation of them comes with a new shock. That the struggle White describes is one of the most important parts of the most important struggle in America today—the struggle to realize as well as to preserve the democracy we boast of—seems self-evident. Discussing the Scottsboro case, which he investigated, he writes:

> . . . The tragedy of a Scottsboro lies, not only in the bitterly cruel injustice it works upon its immediate victims, but also, and perhaps even more, in the cynical use of human misery by Communists in propagandizing for communism, and in the complacency with which a democratic government views the basic evils from which such a case arises. A majority of Americans still ignore . . . the plain implications in similar tragedies.

Perhaps the most shocking evidence in White's book appears in the later chapters which recount the postwar maimings and lynchings of Negro veterans. We have read of them before, but seldom in such detail and without other distracting news of the cold war and the rising cost of living, which has helped to hide their real significance.

In conclusion, White lists recent advances on behalf of the Negro, achievements which "would have seemed to most Negroes only a dream of the millennium even twenty-five years ago." If they seem pitifully weak when weighed against the evidence on the other side, they still cannot be overlooked. They are further strengthened by White's scattered reports on the sentiments of some young white Americans he has lately had dealings with: the students in Southern universities who marched in protest when Negroes were barred from graduate schools; the boys from all parts of the country who during the war eagerly volunteered to serve in a "mixed" division if the Army would set one up; the soldiers who learned to accept and appreciate the Negroes they fought beside during the Battle of the Bulge. The NAACP's battle is far from won, but, White seems to suggest, there are signs that we approach the turning point.

ANNE L. GOODMAN

Can the Negro vote ever decide an election?

Read **BALANCE OF POWER**

THE NEGRO VOTE

By HENRY LEE MOON

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A SENSE OF FITNESS

ON THE LIMITS OF POETRY, by Allen Tate (The Swallow Press and William Morrow and Company; $4).

THE ESSAYS in this book were written over the last twenty years and are reprinted from three previous volumes. Allen Tate claims "little unity" for the collection; further, he says that his criticism, since it is not "backed by formal esthetics," "is at best opinion." But opinion, from an intelligence as keen and informed as this, is a very good "best," and a consistent point of view produces a surprising unity among his scattered subjects. His method is what he calls the "attack." The object of his delicate aggression is the Hydra-headed error (popular and official) of "the dark age of our present enlightenment." He makes his points and his way by distinguishing, correcting, rejecting as he goes, continually choosing the ostensibly more modest (because limited) explanation, but because limited, more exact, more profound.

The basis for his judgments is that truism which, because it is repeatedly overlooked, must be continually redis-

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covered as brilliant insight: simply that one thing is not something else. Hence the word "limits" in his title. Poetry "is neither religion nor social engineering"; its function is not "to save mankind from the disasters in which poetry itself must be involved." Thus poetry (and critics and criticism and a number of other things subsumed in this connection) is defined by its limitations, by what it is *not*, which is a more complex and crucial distinction than it may at first appear.

The serious literary critic is necessarily concerned with education. "It is my contention," Tate writes, "that the high forms of literature offer us the only complete, and thus the most responsible, versions of our experience." The critic, in helping him to receive and understand this, "instructs the reader in three fundamentals of mounting importance: the exercise of taste, the pursuit of standards of intellectual judgment, and the acquisition of self-knowledge"—a not inadequate ideal of education itself. But in our time, instead of complementing and continuing formal education, literary criticism (as Tate understands it) is forced to the awkward emergency function of providing a *corrective* for it. For in discarding the classical education as a discipline for the intelligence, "professional 'educationists' and the sociologists . . . have taught the present generation that the least thing about man is his intelligence, if he have it at all; the greatest thing is his adjustment to . . . a mechanical society . . . a *bourgeois* paradise of gadgets and of the consumption, not of the fruits of the earth, but of commodities."

It is not as an argument to consider but as a statement to accept, that he says, "Impressionistic education in all its varieties, chiefly the variety known as 'progressive education,' is rapidly making us a nation of illiterates: a nation of people without letters." It follows inevitably that "it is virtually impossible for a young man to get a critical literary education." "The moral nature affirms itself in judgment," but such a judgment is beyond (if not irrelevant to) the victim of a system which considers him "a bundle of reflexes without intelligence." His allegiance will be claimed by the bibliographer or the irresponsible dilettante. That is to say, "All he can do is to give you [the literary work's] history or tell you how he feels about it."

Tate by no means places the full blame on "the teachers'-college racketeers." His more extensive attention is for those literary "scholars" who "are trying to make an art respectable by showing that after all it is only a branch of" something else, such as history, applied psychology, biology, economics, sociology, politics, and so forth. "As men of letters we no longer, in fact, believe in literature; we believe rather that the knowledge offered us in even the most highly developed literary forms has something factitious and illusory about it, so that before we begin to test its validity we must translate it into an analogy from the sciences." Tate is a critic who "believes" in literature; for him its works are "existent objects," independent of and not "expressive of substances beyond themselves." Moreover, he believes in "a radical discontinuity between the physical and spiritual realm." Literature belongs to the latter; it is not a science; it cannot be known as a science any more than can religion, which has had its own champions who would make it "credible" at the expense of its basic assumptions. Of this, Tate says that "the confident use of scientific vocabularies in the spiritual realm has created, or at any rate is the expression of, spiritual disorder."

I hope to have shown by this brief account how Tate introduces and tests his own ideas in relation to the preva-

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lent errors that have claimed his attention. Needless to say, this, as he uses it, is no mere technique. As a first-rate critic, Tate is primarily interested in his own time; his concern has been largely for the work of his contemporaries and for the situation in which it is produced. He speaks of the "obligation" to form a judgment on the literature of our own time. "If we wait for history to judge there will be no judgment; for if we are not history, then history is nobody." In addition, it is only by exercising judgment on contemporaries that we can understand and maintain the literature of the past. For we "keep it alive by being alive ourselves." But we must avoid the pedantic stratification of past literature and the fixity of its reputations. Whatever is immovably fixed is dead. "I take the somewhat naïve view that the literature of the past began somewhere a few minutes ago and that the literature of the present begins, say, with Homer." JOHN FARRELLY

THEATRE: Morley and Company

"EDWARD, MY SON" at the Martin Beck, the season's first smash, is presumably about the ruthless father of a stinker son. I say "presumably," because the play might be more accurately titled "Fun with Robert Morley."

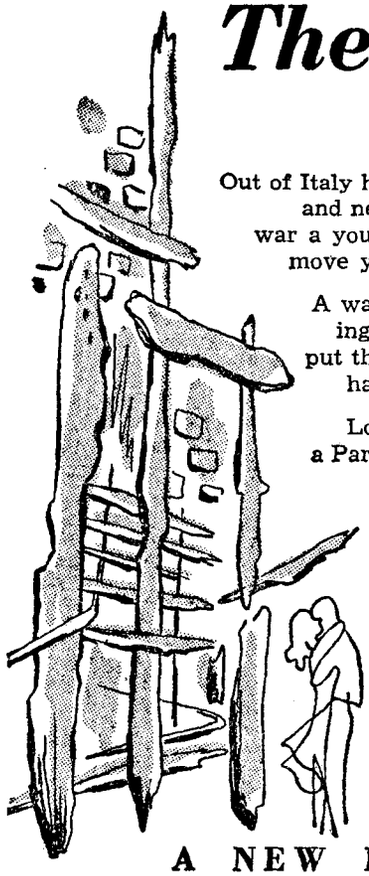
It traces the progress of a lower-middle-class rascal to the state of millionaire scoundrel. Every rotten act he justifies as having been done on behalf of his son. We cannot tell whether he really loves his son or whether he simply exults in what he can do for him. Is he a hapless papa or a hypocrite? Is he a man to be derided or feared? If he is merely a "case" to be understood, what exactly are we to understand? Simply that such men exist?

These are all rhetorical questions, of course, because it is plain that Morley, his co-author Noel Langley, and the producers of the play intended nothing more than a fat part for its star—what many people somewhat enigmatically call "good theatre." It would be silly to complain that "Edward, My Son" doesn't "say" anything or that it does not say the things one might like to hear, for in a very concrete sense the play does not even tell its own story—and isn't meant to.

Arnold Holt, the play's central figure, is supposed to be a powerhouse of ambitious calculation. Does Morley (as actor) suggest such a man or try to? Obviously not . . . at the end of Scene II, Holt-Morley receives word that his son's operation has been successful; at the same time he hears the passing of the fire engines bound for the bankrupt shop he has set on fire in order to collect the insurance money that is to pay for that operation. The joy over his son's delivery from the danger of remaining a lifelong cripple is indicated with the delight one might evince at hearing about the victory of a team one has bet on, and the pleasure at hearing the fire bells is expressed with a kind of boyish glee. It makes a smart curtain.

This is typical of Morley's manner throughout. His effects have never anything to do with the reality of a given situation; they have to do with a rollicking indifference to all moral and emotional reality. Morley's reality is a form of parlor wit in which we take pleasure precisely because everything but the performance itself is negated or dismissed. When Morley makes love, exercises his villainous will, becomes furious, he does only enough to inform us about the nature of the scene he is playing: in any vital sense, his *acting* is chiefly concerned with the joke he makes apropos of love, will, fury, etc.

Does this mean that Morley plays his part badly? On the contrary, he is excellent in clarity and consistency of intention, in diction and crackling de-



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livery. His visible relish in fulfilling his task—whch is, above all, to amuse—is infectious. He is constantly telling his audience, "Don't trouble yourself to look for a meaning in this show. It simply affords me an occasion to be terribly bright—and you a chance to enjoy the spectacle."

Peggy Ashcroft, who plays Holt's long-suffering wife, offers a skillful and subtly graphic stage portrait of feminine decay. *Her* reality—the show's nearest approach to verisimilitude—is mainly for the eye, finely vivid without being moving. Under the circumstances, greater emotional depth might not only prove inappropriate but actually ruin the show.

Though the acting of Morley and Ashcroft generates from different impulses, they manage to merge their styles with that of the entire company, which is almost uniformly good, with Ian Hunter deserving special mention. These English actors know how to speak, how to make themselves figure, how to fill the theatre with a sense of story. Their method consists of disguising an old-time theatricality as latter-day naturalism. . . . On the whole, then, "Edward, My Son" is a theatrical equivalent of a 1914 best-seller, and thus entirely worthy of the "four orchids" of 1948.

"Time for Elizabeth," by Norman Krasna and Groucho Marx (already closed), a play about the futility of leisure for the "average" businessman, was only slightly inferior to such plays as "Dear Ruth" and "John Loves Mary." It was simply a little less big-city. If the reviewers hadn't been invited to see it and tickets had been sold at a $2 top on the subway circuit and on the road, it might have had a solid run. There is a large public for such things—every bit as estimable as that which applauds the big hits.

The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo has added Ruthanna Boris' "Quelques Fleurs" to its repertory. With attractive costumes and sets by Robert Davidson, it is as delicately fragrant and glamorous as a French playlet of the 1830's à la de Musset. It is better "theatre" than the theatre ordinarily provides.

HAROLD CLURMAN

RADIO: The Big Acts

THREE PROGRAM ENTREPRENEURS lead the autumn field. In the order of their importance to the new season, they are the Protestant Episcopal Church, Fred Allen, and the Philco Corporation.

If to some the bracketing seems to verge on the blasphemous, that is just exactly what certain bishops feared. When the church had signed up 575 stations, including a number of non-affiliated outlets in addition to the full Mutual network, for a program called "Great Scenes from Great Plays," there were mumblings about "commercialized evangelism." But the Right Reverend Henry Knox Sherrill, presiding bishop, issued a counter-statement, threw the cue, and the show was on. Walter Hampden starred in a pair of scenes from Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," and the church became one of that small—not to say exclusive—group of really talented religious broadcasters.

Only two network drama programs of a religious bent have thus far shown genuine artistic proficiency. They are "The Eternal Light," done Sundays at 12:30 by NBC in coöperation with the Jewish Theological Seminary; and "The Greatest Story Ever Told," Sundays at 6:30 over ABC, sponsored by Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company. "Great Scenes," living up to its name, joins this eminent pair, Friday evenings at eight.

Hampden brought beauty and style to the radio in the balcony scene and Cyrano's valedictory. Anne Seymour, supporting him as Roxane, was weak at the beginning but matured quickly, coming through with a finish that complemented the star's romantic lines

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with delicate counterpoint. Bob Novak, who directs the series, surrounded his principals with a sure cast and firm production. Perhaps a brief summary of Rostand's classic might have helped some of the audience to understand the play as a whole, but the scenes that were given were staged superbly.

The Episcopalians launched themselves into show business with professional competence. There are "commercials"—a general plea for church attendance, plus a few words from a local pastor. But the messages are not mixed with whatever moral the drama may contain. The church is relying upon esthetics to do its job of propaganda.

"Great Scenes" is being tried for a 13-week run. The time alone for network and stations costs about $11,000 a week. Whether the program is to stay beyond the initial cycle depends in part on its reception. Ahead are scenes from "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," with Basil Rathbone and Beatrice Straight; "Dark Victory," with Celeste Holm and Basil Rathbone; and "On Borrowed Time," with Boris Karloff and Parker Fenelly. The determining factor will be the willingness of the church to tax its contributors an extra three percent to finance the program. Why not make it a tithe, and let everybody ante?

Comes now a Crusader. Fred Allen is his name, and "Stop the Music!" is his dragon. "Stop the Music!," through its munificence on the ABC network at the very time Allen holds the air on NBC, had cut the comedian's Hooperating shamefully. Now Allen is angry. He came out fighting—and funnier than ever.

It sounded like spoofing when Allen introduced an insurance man on his show and affirmed that he is now bonded to pay up to $5,000 to any listener who may lose out on swag being offered by a rival network. But it was all in dead earnest. The swag-bag nonsense is a real threat to radio's best comedian, and Allen is fighting fire with a blowtorch.

To help the listener "tune in Fred Allen and relax," Senator Claghorn has been gagged, some of the other "Alley" characters have been dropped, the Alley itself has now become Main Street, the humor in general has become sharper, and there is new freshness to a program that seemed to have lost a good deal of its luster in the last couple of years.

Allen's approach to some social issues is not made more digestible because of the Allen spicing, but as long as he keeps up the kind of fun he launched over NBC, Sundays at 8:30, I'll continue to listen anyway. His recruiting of a comedian fired many times by many sponsors, to help rap the giveaways on the opener, was the kind of comedy only Allen would attempt. His aide was Henry Morgan, who admitted his "chief source of income is unemployment insurance." Allen and Morgan did a devastating travesty, entitled "Cease the Melody!" That skit alone put Allen back into place as radio's sharpest blade.

Philco's prize package this year is a full-hour television production, Sunday nights at nine, over NBC. Each week, the program will produce stage successes, specially tailored to video and acted by top talent. The opener was "Dinner at Eight." The cast included Peggy Wood, Dennis King, Mary Boland and Vicki Cummings, but they were not there merely for their glamorous reputations. They acted, and the acting was angled to the television camera rather than to the older theatre's larger stage. Meticulous care was given to every detail required of television drama, from compact sets to tight condensation of a full evening's entertainment into one hour's playing time.

Bert Lytell, former president of Actors' Equity, who supervises the production, and Fred Coe, who produces and directs this series, saw to it that the best talent was used in the supporting cast. To illustrate: Philip Loeb's small part as the agent who finally washes his hands of the faded movie star was played with as much understanding as were the major roles. Philco's business is the manufacture and sale of television sets; with this program it is giving set owners something worth watching.

Eddie Cantor is back on NBC, Fridays at nine. Dinah Shore is with him, and she has grown. . . . Prudential's "Family Hour of Stars," CBS, Sundays at six, has substituted second-class drama for a program that used to carry first-rate music. . . . I heard "A Tree in the Meadow" on the Bing Crosby show, on "Hit Parade," midst Judy Canova's highly amusing didoes, and once again while boning up on "A Day in the Life of Dennis Day." . . . Groucho Marx is still miscast as a giveaway emcee. . . . WOR (N. Y.) did a one-shot musical piece, entitled "Babe Ruth, a Symphonic Suite." Once was enough. . . . Jack Benny still has Rochester. . . . "Ozzie and Harriet" are just as ingratiating a couple on NBC as they were on CBS. . . . "Truth or Consequences," on the giveaway-hating NBC, is giving away a lot of money. But it's for sweet charity's sake, and now there are both a Mr. and a Mrs. Hush.

If the Radio Writers' Guild strikes, the Radio Directors' Guild may—quite by chance—call its own walkout at the same time. . . . For a couple of years, various unions in the field have been meeting informally in New York, Chicago and Hollywood, discussing common problems. Now there is a coast-to-coast organization, the National Association of Broadcast Unions and Guilds (NABUG). . . . James C. Petrillo's musicians may play for recordings again, soon. And the victory will be Petrillo's. . . . The Federal Communications Commission has frozen all television station applications for a six-month period. It's all a matter of plans to revise video broadcast channels, and may end ultimately in bringing television within the reach of everybody. . . . In programming: Toscanini returns to NBC on Saturday nights at 6:30, beginning October 23; CBS is ready to broadcast its long threatened documentary, "The Hollywood Story," on November 3 from 10 to 11 p.m. SAUL CARSON

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MOVIES: Git Along

SEVERAL OF THE CRITICS I have read on the subject seem surprised and a little abashed by the enthusiasm they feel for Howard Hawks's "Red River." After months of shooting holes in Hollywood's more ambitious pigeons, they find themselves cheering like schoolboys for a horse opera.

At the risk of sounding superior, I think I can say why my colleagues have discovered this unexpected innocence in themselves. A workmanlike Western (and "Red River" is that) is a specimen of thoroughly disciplined folk spectacle and it is about the only pure motion picture, outside the newsreels, that we now get.

It is easy enough to laugh yourself silly over the obvious thrills and predictable melodramatics of the Westerns. It is absurd that the hero must always permit the villain to reach for his gun first; it is grotesque that the hell-for-leather cowhands love their horses most, one another next, and women only occasionally and then with a virginal wariness that astounds the ordinarily enterprising male. There must be a chase; there must be a fistfight; there should if possible be a stampede, an Indian massacre or a stagecoach holdup.

But the point is that these elements, tested against generations of audiences, have been developed into a tradition and a style. You don't object at the circus because the donkey chases the clown and you don't object at a Western because the posse arrives when the necktie party is almost over—it's *meant* to be that way.

The formalized style, moreover, is one unaffected by the studios' latter-day pretensions and inferiority complexes. It was created for the camera, it is possible only with a camera. The story unreels like thread from a spool, with none of the doubling back and intricate entanglements of films made out of novels, plays or the records of famous trials. The camera need not be asked to perform elaborate tricks; the grassy plains and the high mesas are enough to keep the eye attentive. No one need bowdlerize or simplify a Western, for there can be nothing in it that would offend the purest, or confuse the simplest, mind.

Horse-and-robbers is not the highest use to which the screen can be put, any more than Punch and Judy was the most that could be asked of the theatre. But up to now, the Western is the side of their work that the movie men understand best.

"Red River," a tale of the first cattle drive up the Chisholm Trail from Texas, contains the proper ingredients skillfully blended. It marks Montgomery Clift's debut with the dogies, but John Wayne and Walter Brennan are on hand to see that he observes the amenities.

When the movies attempt to use God's country for more sophisticated purposes, something unpleasant is often the result. The bait in "Rachel and the Stranger," for example, is the tantalizing notion that a handsome Dan Boone of a frontiersman might have been so absorbed in building his homestead and so lost in grief for his dead wife as to overlook the obvious charms of a bondswoman he has purchased to help with the chores. Since everyone knows that the scales will eventually fall from his eyes and the flesh assert itself, the first 90 percent of the film comes closer to teasing than the censors would permit if they could distinguish eroticism from the Scout's Handbook.

The gentleman and lady in this case are William Holden (very stuffy) and Loretta Young (very tightly bodiced). Robert Mitchum, who acts as a catalyst and releases the tension, has cheekbones not unlike Bing Crosby's. He has developed a voice (a speaking

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voice) and an insouciance to match the fleeting resemblance. For all I know, this may be shrewd business, since Crosby is a luxury product and less expensive substitutes may be in considerable demand. As a rule, though, I like imitations only when they are billed as such.

Jean Cocteau's movies are admirable, but his dedication to a baroque and improbable dream makes the act of admiration hard work. His taste is good but it is not ours (at any rate, it is not mine), and though we may recognize the excellence of his creative imagination we can scarcely become involved with it.

Thus Cocteau has thought it well to revive Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas,* a picaresque romance of the seventeenth-century Spanish court. It is a tale of compounded mistaken identity and of a lovely queen held in durance vile. Scoundrels die on the sword, the hero by the poison hidden in his ring. The mood is Velasquez with overtones of the elder Fairbanks.

Danielle Darrieux and Jean Marais play out this tragedy well enough in their mutual beauty, but they cannot invest the heroics with enough humanity to break through the fustian; I doubt if anyone could.

Cocteau, however, has scored a personal triumph with his sets. By constructing the heavy, brooding Spanish architecture out of what is in reality lattice work, he conveys strikingly the spirit of dry rot eating out the heart of the Court. He achieves at the same time a play of flickering light that is beautiful in its own right. His designs are perfect for the mood he wants; they must also have been attractively inexpensive. ROBERT HATCH

CORRESPONDENCE

Mrs. Douglas and the Progressives

SIR: Your issue of September 20 gives such a complete distortion of the Progressive Party position on Helen Douglas that *NR* readers are entitled to an apology for such disgraceful journalism.

You say that the Independent Progressive Party of California is "determined to see her beaten," and carefully juxtapose the IPP, Communists and Marshall Plan to indicate it's all a Red plot to beat her because she was for the Marshall Plan. This is nonsense and the editors of the *NR* know it.

If this were true, the party's action certainly constitutes a strange way to defeat Mrs. Douglas. It urged her to cross-file on the Progressive ticket, as did four other Democratic candidates (all of whom are for the Marshall Plan). Mrs. Douglas refused, although she had no hesitancy in cross-filing on the Republican ticket. The Wallace forces—through its main arm, the Progressive Citizens of America—then urged all its members in the Democratic Party—and most of them were Democrats—to vote for Mrs. Douglas in the primary. The Wallace voters thus contributed heavily to her nomination.

To protect their position on the ballot—lest a Republican capture the IPP nomination—the IPP filed its own candidate.

The same happened in Chet Holifield's district. Last week the IPP committee in his district gave him unqualified endorsement. Holifield repudiated their support, but in spite of his kowtowing to the Democratic machine, they are sticking by their decision to support him. In Helen Douglas' district the local Progressives are doing their best to come to some working arrangement with her so that the IPP can support her candidacy.

Again in T. R. B.'s column (same issue) you imply that the Progressive Party is opposing most of the liberals you name—Chester Bowles, Hubert Humphrey, Paul Douglas, Helen Douglas and Chet Holifield. We have withdrawn our candidate against Bowles, despite his repudiation of our support; we are not opposing Humphrey; we are supporting Holifield; and hope to be able to support Helen Douglas. . . .

C. B. BALDWIN,
Secretary and Campaign Manager,
the Progressive Party
New York City

[Our issue dated September 20 went to press on September 13. On September 30, the Progressive Party announced its

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support of Mrs. Douglas and a number of other liberals throughout the country. Mr. Baldwin is blaming the *New Republic* for not being able to predict 17 days in advance a sudden sharp change in the Progressive Party line.

As of the date it went to press, our article was correct with one unimportant exception, which Mr. Baldwin does not raise. We were wrong in implying that Philip M. Connelly's hostile remark about Mrs. Douglas had been uttered this year; it was in 1944.

At the time the invitation was extended to Mrs. Douglas, it was obviously out of the question for her to cross-file on the Independent Progressive (Wallace) Party ticket. The IPP was breathing fire against every supporter of the Marshall Plan, among whom Mrs. Douglas was and is counted. It had earlier proved its hostility by demanding in a peremptory telegram that she leave Washington in the midst of a crucial session of Congress to return to California and defend herself before the IPP executive committee. This "invitation" Mrs. Douglas refused.

We are aware of no evidence that the IPP played any effective part, or any part, in Mrs. Douglas' success in the Democratic primary. But if it did, it betrayed its own principles to do so, since as stated above, the Progresssives throughout the country were at that time engaged in a violent attack on the Marshall Plan.

Mrs. Douglas has repudiated the eleventh-hour Progressive Party support, as have most of the other well-known liberals to whom it has so belatedly been given, such as Chet Holifield, Chester Bowles and Mrs. Chase Going Woodhouse. Independent political observers believe this support has been given (a) to conceal the small vote the Progressive Party candidates would have received if they had stayed actively in the race, and (b) to claim some of the credit if these liberals should win. – THE EDITORS]

BANDWAGON

No Change

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TO DOUBLE
TALK PLANS

– *Headline in the Jackson, Michigan,* Citizen Patriot.

Breeding Tells

The leader then guided Mrs. Loew to a chair and said: "Give me your money and jewels; we don't want to kill you."

"He was a perfect gentleman, very congenial," said Mrs. Loew. – *From the New York* Sun.

Vindication

Colonel Franz Halder, 64, Hitler's Chief of Staff, was cleared of Nazism today by a German court. – *AP dispatch from Munich.*

"Out of the Night That Covers Me"

Truman's train also will be well-equipped. A special feature is a gadget that will give him instant telephonic communication with the White House, even when going through tunnels. – *From the Chicago* Sun-Times.

Obviously a Crazy Man

USA's reason for opposing Dr. Evatt [as president of the UN Assembly] seems to be based on his unpredictable attitude at meetings of the United Nations, at which he has frequently supported Russia's views. – *From the Melbourne (Victoria)* Argus.

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